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REV. JAMES WOODS,

A PIONEER MINISTER.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.—Arrival in San Francisco—Debut in California—Old Father Caldwell.

CHAPTER II.—Change of quarters—Removal to Stockton—Aristocratic ride—First preaching—Commotion in the hotel—A character.

CHAPTER III.—The new home—Expense of living in '49 and '50—Efforts for Church erection—Volunteer treasurer—Generous gift—Cost of Church—Wages—Church Dedication—My work in summer of '50—Church organization—Steamboat explosion—The three W's—Bible agent.

CHAPTER IV.—Donation party—Betting on the preacher—Insane Asylum—The art gallery—The temptation—A Heroine—Coming to confession—An early acquaintance—The '49 ministers.

CHAPTER V.—The burial—The desperado—A mother's influence—A splendid mansion.

CHAPTER VI.—The Howard church—Happy Valley—Palace Hotel—A great fire—The San Jose Church—A character—Marysville Church—A light in Oakland—Two funeral scenes—Singular names of towns—Chinese Mission—Tract society—A promising boy.

CHAPTER VII.—A fire—A sad lunatic—The gamblers reading a sermon—Two ruined young men—Path of peril—Path of fortune—Masquerade ball—The unnecessary fear—Three strangers—Mistaken as to men—Bell-ringing for church—Intimidation—Ghastly deaths.

CHAPTER VIII.—The snake—The Inebriate—Intemperance—Preaching places—The distressed young man—The tares—Preachers misrepresented—The lawyer singing—A supporter of preachers.

CHAPTER IX.—The execution—The patient mother—Intemperance—Lost fortunes—A mean man—Strange incidents.

CHAPTER X.—Reinforcements—Fire at sea—Balance of credits—A Nobleman—Robbers—Two executions—The almost supernatural—The fatal tragedy—The female preacher—Woman's rights.

CHAPTER XI.—Rev. Wm. A Scott, D. D., L. L. D.

CHAPTER XII.—Los Angeles—The nationalities—The Carro—Old volunteer treasurer—The murderer—Frequent killing—Santa Rosa—The water bucket—Children's freaks in church—John Treadway—Rev. George Burrows, D. D.—Rev. James Wylie Healdsburg—Cyrus Alexander—Death-bed scene—The Celebrity.

CHAPTER XIII.—A sermon.

PREFACE.

This book is what its title imports:—Recollections of scenes and events which transpired in California in early times.

It is not written as history; but all its statements are historic facts.

The writer was one of three ministers which formed the first Presbytery (O. S.) in California. He preached the first installation sermon ever preached in California. He was the first Moderator of the Synod on the Pacific Coast.

The following pages are recollections of personal experiences and observations of what transpired amid the stirring scenes of early California life.

The writer has preached in nearly every large town in California.

JAMES WOODS.

CHAPTER I.

Arrival in San Francisco—Debut in California—Old Father Caldwell.

The sweetest music I ever heard of earthly note, or ever expect to hear until the melody of golden harps shall break upon the enraptured spirit, was the rattling of the iron cable, singing the march of the anchor to the bottom of the sea, to grapple with the rocks and hold us to a safe mooring in the harbor of San Francisco, twenty-eight years ago. I had embarked from New York with my wife and three little children, on the 17th of May, '49, in the ship Alice Tarlton.

We had encountered a heavy gale off the coast of Patagonia, and been driven within eight hundred miles of Africa. The vessel had become so disabled as to render it necessary to return to Rio Janeiro, seventeen hundred miles. Here we were detained a long weary month. We had been tossed about on the rolling billows off Cape Horn, twenty-eight days. It was the sea-

son of the year when the light of the morning did not break over the stormy deep till near nine o'clock. And dark night began to gather down upon us soon after three in the afternoon.

The wild winds howled like storm fiends through the groaning shrouds; and all through the dark hours of night, the tempest beat upon us with whelming power. By the light of day we could see ourselves lifted up to mountain heights on the crested billows, and then sink down in the dark trough of the weltering sea. In the night we could hear the breaking waves surging against the sides of the ship with a shock that made her quiver and groan as if instinct with life and terror.

It was easy to imagine a host of fiends from the bottomless pit, combining their power and hurling themselves against the weltering ship, to send her and all her living freight to the ocean depths. And to mere human faith, there was little more hope of escape than if an egg-shell were tossing upon the foaming flood. But the trusting heart could rest as securely in the power of God as the sleeping infant reposes upon the bosom of its mother.

When at length we made our escape from that stormy region, and were approaching the

equator, another foe met us upon our path, and bid us stop. Thirteen days we were held in captivity by a calm. The burning sun of the tropics poured his scorching rays upon us. The upheaving swell of the glassy sea made the ship roll lazily from side to side, while the helpless sails hung languid and lifeless against the reeling masts. There was not a breath of air to swell the canvas, or fan the fevered cheek. But at length the friendly breezes awakened and bore us on our happy way toward San Francisco, and then, at last, on one Monday morning, after a voyage of nearly eight months, when almost in harbor, suddenly the wind changed and we were again driven to sea. For a whole week we were tossed about among the Farallone rocks, in the midst of fogs and storms, not knowing where we were—liable to dash upon hidden reefs and sink in the ocean depths.

When, at length, on Saturday afternoon, just as the sun was sinking behind the western hills, we glided through the Golden Gate, and rode upon the silvery waters of San Francisco Bay, and dropt the anchor—the hoarse roar of the rattling cable over the bow of the ship, was the sweetest music that ever fell upon my ear—and the sweetest music I ever expect to hear, until the

music of the heavenly harps shall fill the soul with enrapturing joy.

Was not this long, weary, perilous voyage, with its happy termination, a symbol of the voyage of life, to the soul that has an interest in the atonement of Christ? The music of that cable bringing the ship to a safe mooring is an emblem of the bliss of the redeemed when standing upon the sea of glass, before the throne of God on high.

We went on shore in a little skiff, and landed on the sandy beach at an indentation of the Bay, where Montgomery and Jackson streets now intersect. While passing along the street, with our youngest child, a little over a year old, in my arms, a gentleman, of genteel address, begged to be excused for asking to look at the baby. His eyes filled with tears, as he remarked, "six months ago I left my sweet babe in St Louis."

Little children were scarce in San Francisco then. Probably not twenty families resided in the city at that time. Our first shelter was under the roof of Rev. Albert Williams, who had preceded me to the coast.

Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge had been appointed to California by the Missionary Board

in the Fall of '48. I was appointed one week later. He was from New York; I was from Alabama, though a native of Massachusetts. He was instructed to proceed immediately to California, and started December, '48, reaching here in February, '49.

I was instructed to take a tour through the Southern States, and make an effort to awaken in the churches a renewed interest in Home Missions. Hence I did not start for California until the Spring of '49.

Meanwhile Mr. Williams received a joint commission from the Board of Education and the Board of Missions, and came at once to San Francisco by the Isthmus, without his family. I came with my family around Cape Horn, and found him here upon my arrival.

Agreeable to his obligations to the Board of Education, he opened a school, but had about as many scholars as if he had opened it on the Desert of Sahara, and for about the same reason--there were no children in either place. He continued his school of four scholars for a couple of weeks, then gave it up, and addressed himself entirely to preaching. On the 20th of May, '49, Mr. Williams organized his church under the title of "The First

Presbyterian Church of San Francisco." This was the first Protestant Church organized in San Francisco. Mr. Williams was not only the founder of this church, but its first pastor. He remained its faithful and laborious pastor over five years, when declining health induced him to resign.

One of the original members of this church was old Father Caldwell. He was one of the very best of men, but I could never make out whether he was born into the world too soon or too late, nor could I ever understand for what part of the world he was designed. He certainly was not adapted to California. He had been in business in Valparaiso, but everything went awry with him there. Wherever he went the tides were adverse. A native of Massachusetts, he returned there, but still nothing in this world seemed to prosper in his hands. While in San Francisco he had charge of the Sabbath School in Mr. Williams' Church, and was very fond of children. But he always looked sad, with a slight mixture of the sour. His face always reminded me of a great handsome winter apple. A short time after he resigned the office of Superintendent of the Sabbath School, and went East, some one asked a little girl, if she went to Sunday School. "No," she said, "we

had a Sunday School, but the teacher was an old man—a *sorrowful looking* old man; he *sold out* his Sunday School and went East." When the first church edifice was burned in '51, the sexton rushed to the bell, to ring the alarm, not dreaming that any one had preceded him to the church; but there was old Father Caldwell, coming out of the burning building with the bible clasped to his bosom, and the tears streaming down his cheeks. If Father Caldwell never found the right place in this world, he doubtless found it many years since in the world of glory on high.

Our first meal on shore, was at the residence of Mr. Williams. No lady had ever presided as mistress of the culinary department. My wife was aware that it would be expected of her (for this was before the era of Chinamen and servants) to do the honors of the occasion, and prepare supper, or as we would say now, prepare dinner. But she was born and brought up at the South, where slaves did the cooking, and was never out of a slave State until she started to California, consequently she had never prepared a dinner or supper or breakfast in her life; but she shrunk from the exposure of her ignorance, and without apology, commenced kindling the fire. Just then, Capt. Havens,

brother-in-law of Mr. Williams, came in. Being a sea-captain, he very gallantly offered his services to get supper; and his offer was very gratefully and gracefully accepted.

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CHAPTER II.

CHANGE OF QUARTERS—REMOVAL TO STOCKTON—ARISTOCRATIC RIDE—FIRST PREACHING—COMMOTION IN THE HOTEL—A CHARACTER.

Enjoying Mr. Williams' hospitality a few days, I rented a house and moved into it. It was a zinc building, 16 by 20, without a partition. The only wood about it was the floor, window sash and door. The rent of it, without a fireplace, stove, or any furniture, was five dollars a day. The only ministers in San Francisco at this time were, Rev. Albert Williams, Presbyterian; Rev. T. Dwight Hunt, Congregationalist; Rev. O. C. Wheeler, Baptist; Rev. Wm. Taylor, Methodist; Rev. Flavel S. Mines and Rev. J. L. Vermehr, Episcopal.

Where the Bella Union now stands, was a little shanty of rough boards. In this building

a distinguished Ohio jurist, in the winter '49–'50. used to sell at auction every evening, almost every commodity ever manufactured, under the whole canopy of the skies. I stepped in once. just as he was offering for sale, a package of small books, entitled "The Fate of Infidelity." I bid off the package. The cost was but a trifle. Keeping one for myself, I distributed the balance among the crowd. I have that one volume in my library still. I think that any person who would read the fate of every individual who formed the first Infidel Club in America, would tremble at the thought of trifling with a just and holy God.

In about two weeks we removed to Stockton. Our passage was on the stern-wheel steamer Captain Sutter. It was commanded by Capt. Richards, in his uniform of the times—a red flannel shirt; and as true a gentleman as ever walked a steamer's deck. The time of the passage was about twelve hours, and the fare twenty-five dollars each. Meals were two dollars each. There was but one state-room on the steamer. and that was filled with ship stores. But Capt. Richards had the room cleaned out for the benefit of my family. The whole fare of the passage for me and my family. including the meals and baggage

was one hundred dollars. But as that was a time of high prices, so it was a time of generosity. Not a dime was charged. So in San Francisco. The price for transportation was fourteen dollars a load. I fell in with a young man whom I had known as a clerk in Florida. He had a pair of mules and a small wagon. He had been in San Francisco three months, and had cleared seventeen hundred dollars. He took my family and baggage to Mr. Williams'; from Mr. Williams' to the zinc house; from the zinc house to the steamer. The regular bill for all was forty-two dollars; but he would not take a cent. I have not seen him since, and have forgotten his name. But if he is still living, I think it probable that he is one of the merchant princes of the city.

Our arrival in Stockton was late on Saturday night. On Sunday morning, I sought and found temporary shelter for my family in a kind of boarding house, kept by an old Methodist gentleman, who had come to California two years previous.

Having found a house, I procured a conveyance (an aristocratic one for the times) to take my family to their abode. The conveyance was a one horse dump cart. Putting my wife and children in the vehicle, I took myself to

the sidewalk which was paved with wet hay and brush. It was not pride that made me refuse to take a seat with my family in the cart; but the mud was excessive, both as to quantity and quality. Its depth was enormous and its quality adobe,—adhesive as soft putty. Hence I concluded the horse had a load fully equal to his capacity. So it proved. Before the cart and its load had reached half way to its destination, it stuck fast in the mud. The strength of ten men, more or less, was called into requisition to push the load on its way. But at length the house was reached and all was well.

It being Sabbath, we held religious services in the house, in the form of a prayer meeting. On the next Sabbath, I preached my first sermon in Stockton, where I continued to labor between four and five years. This was one of the first Protestant, and the very first Presbyterian sermon ever preached in the place. It was in a building surmounted with a large sign: "A Temperance Store." It was a cloth structure. In one end was a blacksmith shop separated by a cloth curtain.

While I was attempting to wield the gospel hammer to break in pieces the stony heart of the sinner, the blacksmith was wielding his iron

hammer to mould a horse shoe into shape, and adjust it to the foot of the horse. But the poor man had quite a pressing temptation, for the price of shoeing a horse in '49, was eight dollars a shoe; making thirty-two dollars if the horse was fully shod. But the ringing of the anvil chimed in but sadly with the music of sacred song in divine worship on the holy Sabbath.

The proprietor of the store was an old sea captain by the name of Atwood. He was a sincere Christian man—a member of the Baptist Church and, I think, a licensed preacher. If Capt. Atwood is still living, he is a very aged man. If he has left this world, I have no doubt he is where golden harps afford more genial music to his spirit, than did that ringing anvil on that Holy Sabbath day. A young man came into the meeting on that first service with a small seraphine under his arm; with this, he led the singing. That seraphine is now laid away as an antique relic which took part in the first Prebyterian service in Stockton. Mr. Jerry Mansfield, now of Napa, was that young man, and in his garret he has laid away the sacred instrument. Were I disposed to worship relics, I would go and kneel down before that antique seraphine.

On the next Sabbath I found a more commodious room for divine service. It was a much larger store, with no blacksmith-shop appended. Seats were extemporized by setting half-barrels on end and laying boards on them. I was attracted to the first building by its sign. I was attracted to the second by its commodiousness. Subsequently I learned that the half-barrels on which the seats were arranged, were full of whiskey. So the question for the casuist is, whether the temperance store with the blacksmith-shop appended and running on Sabbath, or the whiskey barrels full of whiskey for seats, was the most appropriate for church services on the Sabbath.

The next day after our arrival in Stockton I procured lodgings for myself and family in the principal hotel in the place. It was a two-story wood building, made by setting boards on end, to the height of fourteen or sixteen feet. The size of the building was forty by sixty. The upper story was divided into small rooms on each side of a narrow hall. The partitions, both of the hall and rooms, were cotton domestic. Hence the conversation of your neighbor could be heard as distinctly as if in the same room. We were the only family in the hotel, and had a front corner room ten by twelve feet.

The lower story was one entire room filled with gambling tables. Each table rented for twenty-five dollars a day. Probably on an average there was one fight a day in this room; when pistols and knives would crack and flash in a manner that made us feel the beautiful force of the poetry—

"Distance lends enchantment to the view."

Yet our distance was not so great but that a stray bullet might come crashing through the floor beneath our feet. Many of the inmates of the house would retire under the influence of liquor, bearing a candle which had only to touch the cotton partition, and away would go the house on the wings of flame.

The price of boarding was five dollars a day. There were five of us in the family. Three were children, and would only be charged for two. Our meals were brought to our room, and this involved extra expense. We remained at the hotel ten days, consequently our regular bill was one hundred and fifty dollars. But the hotel-keeper—Mr. Chapman—if he is still living, I hope he will see this statement, did not charge a dime. In addition, he paid our washing bill, which was large, and six dollars per dozen.

On the third morning on which we were at the hotel, just before daylight, there was great commotion all through the house. Lodgers were rising—lights were moving quickly about—and we could hear remarks about pistols, and insults, and the first shot, and duels, and all kinds of battlefield phrases. It proved to be a hastening to the so-called field of honor, where Judge Belt and Capt. Terry were about to engage in a duel. In about two hours, all parties returned, and no blood had been shed. Both men were brave, but before the final word, *Fire*, was pronounced, it was ascertained there was no cause of a duel, even according to the so-called code of honor.

The origin of the misunderstanding which, with these young hot blades, demanded blood, was Dr. Roberts, alias Capt. Yeomans. He came to Stockton in the summer of '49, under the character of a physician. But he turned out to be a brigand, and a captain of a company of bandits in Mexico. He was an extraordinary character. An Englishman by birth, he had a remarkably handsome face. He was of medium height and ordinary weight; compactly formed and of easy, manly bearing. The only thing remarkable in his appearance was his eye. It was intensely black, sharp, cold and piercing.

His intelligence also was extraordinary. He passed for a physician and administered medicine with success. At length a case occurred of a complicated character, the treatment of which revealed the fact that he was without a medical education.

He also claimed to be a lawyer, and in a case involving the validity of a land title, he evinced an extraordinary familiarity with the old Spanish and English laws of landed estates. He won his case and obtained a fee of five thousand dollars. He was a fine natural orator, and directed in a legitimate channel, his uncommon talents would have procured for him great wealth and illustrious fame. But from some moral obliquity he chose the path of dishonor and villainy. He had obtained the confidence and regard of Capt. Terry—then a young lawyer, afterwards Judge on the Supreme bench. Judge Belt, who had been in the Mexican war, was the first to learn that Roberts was not a physician or a lawyer, but a bandit from Mexico. This declaration of Judge Belt was resented by Capt. Terry, and hence the almost duel. Roberts immediately left. Whatever may have been his real name, or whether it was ever known, he was recognized among the Mexican bandits

as Captain Yeomans. He was never heard of but once, after he left Stockton.

About eight months after his disappearance, a heavy robbery was attempted upon Wells, Fargo's express on the Isthmus. Two or three of the robbers were killed. One survived long enough to relate the circumstances of the attack. He said Capt. Yeomans organized the plan and directed the attack, but remained in the rear, free from peril.

Up to the time of seeing and knowing this man, and learning something of his career and intellectual power, I had supposed Byron's Corsair greatly overdrawn.

There were but five or six families in Stockton when we arrived there. So that if I do not belong to the F. F. V.'s, I do belong to the F. F. S.'s—First Families of Stockton.

CHAPTER III.

THE NEW HOME—EXPENSE OF LIVING IN WINTER OF '49–'50—EFFORTS FOR CHURCH ERECTION—VOLUNTEER TREASURER—GENEROUS GIFT—COST OF CHURCH—WAGES—CHURCH DEDICATION—MY WORK IN THE SUMMER OF '50—CHURCH ORGANIZATION—STEAMBOAT EXPLOSION—THE THREE W'S—BIBLE AGENT.

The house in Stockton into which we removed from the hotel, was 18x24. It was a very slight frame, with shingle roof, and undressed plank floor. The balance of the house was cotton domestic, so that with a pair of scissors, a person could cut his way into the house or out of it. The rent was one hundred dollars per month. I do not know that we ever had more comfort, or enjoyed life better than during the two months of sojourn in this house. At the end of that time, by the aid of friends, we had a house of our own. From that time on, we have never suffered for the comforts or conveniences of life. Everything was high, but money was plenty. For six windsor chairs, now worth a dollar a piece, I paid five dollars

each. For a hundred feet of lumber, of which to make some book shelves, I paid thirty dollars. Pork, fifty-six cents a pound. Mutton, fifty cents a pound. Beef, twenty-five cents. Onions, one dollar per pound. Potatoes, twenty-five cents per pound. Butter, one dollar and a quarter. Bread, fifty cents a loaf. Yet it was as easy to live then as now. Money was very abundant. We had in early times fifty dollar gold pieces. They were octagon form, of proportionate size, and thickness of the twenty dollar pieces. They were called slugs and adobes. They were not regular United States coin, but contained fifty dollars' worth of gold. I have carried two of these in each vest pocket and thought no more of it than I do now of having two silver dollars in each pocket.

In about three weeks after my arrival in Stockton, I began to take the incipient steps of getting a church edifice. Capt. Weber was proprietor of a large portion of the town, and I solicited of him a donation of a church lot. His response was, "Get together some of the most prominent citizens of the town, select a lot, then come to me." Agreeable to his suggestion, I obtained the counsel of several influential citizens, and we selected what we thouhgt to be a very choice lot. I reported to him the

result, and he very generously donated not only the lot, but a quarter of a block. It is where the Presbyterian Church now stands, in the very heart of the city.

Ten or twelve years subsequent to the erection of the first edifice, a portion of the ground not wanted for church purposes was sold for ten thousand dollars. This enabled the society to build the stately and handsome church now on the ground given by Capt. Weber, in February, '50.

Immediately upon the donation of the church lot, efforts were made for the erection of a church edifice. I advertised for a public meeting of all citizens who felt interested in the erection a Presbyterian Church. Considering the moral and social chaos of the times, and the wild intense rush for gold, in the Winter of '49–'50, you would have supposed that the call of a meeting to consider the subject of building a church would have been responded to by a very small gathering. But precisely contrary was the fact. To the question, shall we build now? the universal and enthusiastic response was *go on.* But when the effort was made to organize a building committee to obtain subscriptions, employ carpenters and superintend the whole work of the building, none could be

found who had the *time* to spare. Money was plenty, but *time* was precious. One man was present who was willing to take charge of the money; but on two or three occasions previously he had taken such effectual care of money left with him on deposit, that when the depositors came for their money it was not there; so he was not chosen treasurer.

The result of the meeting was to appoint me sole committee to take charge of everything connected with the erection of the church. The people would give their money, but not their time. Very soon a bag of gold dust was in my hand, and I on my way to San Francisco to purchase the necessary material.

It happened to be a time when the market was glutted with lumber for large warehouses already framed for immediate erection. One of these was purchased on very favorable terms. Large and strong, it proved an excellent building for a church edifice, and still stands in Stockton owned by the colored people, who purchased it of the Presbyterians, and moved it where it now stands, in the south part of the city.

The subscription was started in February, '50, and the church was dedicated on the first

Sabbath of May, just ten weeks from the time I started out with the subscription paper. It was quite a neat and tasteful structure. Compared with other buildings of the times, it was quite imposing. The pulpit consisted of two upright pieces of undressed boards three feet apart, and a board laid across the top—the whole covered with scarlet-colored domestic; making a very neat appearance for a pulpit in California in '50.

The cost of the edifice was about fourteen thousand dollars. The wages of the head carpenter was sixteen dollars a day. This was John M. Buffington, then and now (1877) a leading member of the Methodist Church. One day while I was observing him at work on the top of the tower, one of his own local preachers, who commanded but little respect, came along, and called out, "Hold on Buffington, I guess you are as near Heaven as you'll ever get." Quick as thought, Buffington replied, "Yes, if I set under your preaching much." All the other carpenters received twelve dollars a day.

I obtained every subscription; employed every workman; made every purchase, from a shingle nail to the bell on the tower, and paid every bill. Not long since a gentleman told me that he was present at the dedication of the church.

At the close of the service, he was amused at my telling the people there would be service on the next Sabbath. But they need not wait for the ringing of the bell, as the one we had used this morning was borrowed from the steamboat for the occasion. But we soon had a bell of our own.

This was the first Presbyterian Church built in California, and the first but one on the Pacific Coast. Rev. Lewis Thompson, who came to Oregon in '46, had built one previously on the Clatsop plains, Oregon.

In passing along the main street in Stockton, a little west of the Presbyterian Church, where now stands some of the most stately structures of the city, a stranger would not imagine, that once a deep slough run past. People could cross it only in a boat. A man established a ferry to take footmen over it, and realized in the Winter '49–'50 fourteen hundred dollars' profit. The fare was twenty-five cents. The workmen on the church could only reach their work by passing over the ferry. But I made arrangements with the ferryman, a generous man, to pass all the workmen on the church free.

On Saturday night, the very day the church was finished, a free bridge across the slough

was completed. So that on Sunday morning a living stream of people came pouring across the bridge to the dedication of the church.

My duties in the Summer of '50, after the completion of the church edifice, were to prepare and preach two sermons on the Sabbath—teach school five days in the week—cook for the children and wash the dishes when my wife was sick, which was a good portion of the time that first Summer—nurse my feeble wife—visit the sick—bury the dead—marry the betrothed, and spend my leisure hours in looking after the interests of matters and things generally.

Our church was organized on the 17th of March, '50. It consisted of twelve members, eleven male and one female. The female was the lady who, two months before, had enjoyed the aristocratic ride in the one horse dump cart from the steamboat to her boarding house. A nobler, more high souled, heavenly-spirited set of men than composed that little church band have seldom met together. There was old brother Archer—I remember with what enthusiasm and ardor he came forward and put down his name on the church roll. Through all the coming months and years of my pastorate there, I always regarded him as the spiritual ther-

mometor of the congregation. If, during the sermon, his tears did not start and flow, I concluded the atmosphere was cold, and the services unprofitable. It may have been a mere suspicion, for he never breathed a syllable, but I strongly suspected that his domestic relations back East were either very happy or very unhappy, and I could never guess which, perhaps neither. But that noble band of men are now all scattered. I am not aware of the locality of a single original member, except my wife. Mr. James Crozier has been an Elder over twenty-five years. But he was not one of the original members. Of this I am sure, that if they have all left this world, they are now enjoying eternal rest amid the unfading bowers of the Paradise of God.

This church soon became, and still is, one of the largest and most influential in the State. In the fall of '53 one of the Elders, Mr. Evan Thompson, one of the loveliest of men, lost his life by the explosion of a steamboat. One of those providences that often fill me with wonder and gratitude, preserved me from being on the same boat. I was at Benicia, at Presbytery. The boat which was blown up, was to pass Benicia about four o'clock in the afternoon. I was exceedingly anxious to get through business of

Presbytery in time to go in this boat, for several of my church members and special friends were on board. But I was a little too late and quite disappointed. But I took the next boat about four hours after. Soon after entering the mouth of the San Joaquin river, we came upon the wreck of the other boat. The boiler had exploded and wrought dreadful havoc. As we went on board, a horrid and ghastly spectacle broke upon the sight. Lifeless bodies and shattered forms were lying about in all directions. Several persons were dead, and many others were in the agonies of death. Some were lying insensible, and some suffering dreadful torture. Among the suffering were this Elder of my church, and Mr. V. M. Peyton the Superintendent of the Sabbath School. Mr. Peyton did not seem so badly injured, but he lay at the point of death for several weeks, and finally recovered, and is still living. He had a family, and upon our arrival in Stockton was taken to his own house. Mr. Thompson was a single man, and I had him taken to my house, where he lingered two weeks and died. When I first went on the wreck, Mr. Thompson was so blinded and disfigured by applications to his face for the burn that I did not recognize him. But he recog-

nized my voice, and the tone of emotion with which he called me to him, even yet, makes the tears come to my eyes when I think of it.

On the same night of the explosion of this steamboat, which was named Stockton for the city, another boat, called the American Eagle, and plying between San Francisco and Stockton, was blown up by an explosion of the boiler. These boats were both on their way to Stockton and about forty miles apart, and both blown up about the same hour. The destruction was not so great on the American Eagle as on the Stockton, but several lives were lost.

The first Presbytery held in Stockton was in the spring of '50. It consisted of Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge, Rev. Albert Williams and Rev. James Woods—sometimes denominated the three W's. The sessions of Presbytery were held in my house. The room dignified by the name of parlor was incomplete and without a stove. Hence the Presbytery was held in the sitting-room. The sitting-room was the dining-room and kitchen; or the kitchen and dining-room was the sitting-room, as you might elect. While Presbytery was transacting its business, my wife was preparing dinner for us in the same room; and I was rocking the cradle with my foot while handling

presbyterial papers with my hands. The occupant of that cradle was the editor of a daily paper in Petaluma in 1870, and editor of "The Silver World" in Colorado, in 1875. Upon the issuance of the first number of "The Silver World," he took a package of the papers upon a pack mule one hundred miles over a mountain trail to a post-office. The boy, two years older, is the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Clear Lake. The one two years older than he, is a practising lawyer in San Francisco. Of the three W's of that Presbytery, Dr. Woodbridge was the first to come to the coast. He was then thirty-six years old. As he was the first to come to the coast, so he has always stood in the front rank of all who have succeeded him. He has but very few peers, and no superiors. With native intellect of the highest order, he has, by study, and culture, achieved the most distinguished eminence in every department of ministerial erudition. When I have heard him on an argument, requiring sharp analysis, rigid logic, and keen accumen of thought, I have supposed that he had made logic and argumentation his chief study. Then when I have heard him on some theme requiring lofty imagination and ideal fancy for its elucidation, I have supposed that he had given

his chief attention to the cultivation of his imaginative faculties. Then, when I have heard him on some subject requiring comprehensive knowledge and learning, I have supposed that for the attainment of these he had given his toil.

Almost the first remark I heard made of him when I landed on the coast was, that he was a wonderful man. And though when I heard the remark, I had some skepticism, it vanished long ago. He is now (1877) advanced in life, but has all the vigor and brilliancy of fresh young intellect. He can go into the abstactions of metaphysics, when necessary, with as cool, calm strength as the most gifted of younger men, and soar to as lofty heights of imagination as can be followed by those in the prime of their years. He can pursue an argument with logical precision to its unvarying sequence, and invent illustrations copious and convincing. He is one of the most distinguished ministers of the Presbyterian Church and one of its brightest ornaments. The greatest scholar on the coast once said of him, that the university at which he was educated, had done itself the honor of conferring upon him the honorary title of D. D. He is a man of remarkable simplicity and purity of character in all the walks

of private life. He has more friends, and more ardently attached friends, probably, than any other man on the coast.

How manifest, then, the wisdom of that Providence which directed him to be the first standard bearer of the cross on this coast, to represent the staunch old Presbyterian Church. Like some staunch old Scotch covenanter—firm as the mountain rock by the side of which he was reared, his tenacity of purpose is as extraordinary as any other attribute of his character. He and another great man, perhaps I ought to say *the* other great man of the coast, may be slow in coming to a purpose, but when they have reached the purpose and taken the position, you might as well attempt to roll Mt. Diablo over upon its apex as to move them.

As an illustration, Dr. Woodbridge was appointed by the Board of Missions to San Francisco. Soon after his arrival in February, '49, before the tide of emigration began to roll in very heavily, some large capitalists conceived the idea of making Benicia the great commercial emporium of the State. It was only twenty miles from the Golden Gate and would be a magnificent harbor. As a site for a city it was greatly superior to the rough, high, precipitous hills and sand banks of the site of San Fran-

cisco. These capitalists were personal friends of Dr. Woodbridge, and succeeded in impressing their views upon him. They promised city blocks for a great seat of learning, and by liberal promises of aid for his church, and aid for his university, they induced him to remove to Benicia soon after his arrival. Nor was Dr. Woodbridge alone as to his anticipations and disappointments of the future great metropolis. A friend of mine—Mr. Chauncey Wetmore—owned two blocks on Montgomery street, for which he paid twenty-seven dollars each in '47. He sold these for four hundred dollars each and transferred his fortunes to Benicia. Two years later the two blocks were worth two hundred thousand dollars. Ten years later my friend's fortune consisted of a little gravelly ranch near the foot of Mt. Diablo. And the two lots on Montgomery street which he sold for eight hundred dollars, are now (1877) worth two millions. So rolls the wheel of fortune in California. One man goes up; another down. In less than a year after Dr. Woodbridge moved to Benicia, the bow of promise began to fade, the cloud of promised blessings dissolved into invisible vapor, and the great fact stood out clear as sunshine, that San Francisco was the great metropolis of the Pacific Coast, and destined to

be the great commercial emporium of the world.

Dr. Woodbridge organized the Presbyterian Church in Benicia in April, '49. The organization was effected in a small building used for a school house. In this building, he preached on the Sabbath, taught school through the week, and lodged at night in a sailor's hammock hung to the rafters. Through the long Summer days and long gloomy Winter nights, this was his lone home for over a year, with no fire by day or night—Summer or Winter, his wiry frame and iron constitution suffered no apparent harm. For eighteen years his tenacity of will held with unyielding grasp to Benicia. When I left Stockton he received a call there with the offer of twice the salary he was receiving at Benicia. But his grasp upon Benicia could not be relaxed.

But at length he came to San Francisco to engage in the enterprise of establishing the Occident—the Presbyterian paper of the Pacific Coast. And whatever loss the church at large had sustained by his tenacity to Benicia, was now overbalanced four fold by the unyielding grasp and iron will with which he held to the Occident.

His labors for the Occident were herculean; his perseverance almost superhuman, and his success almost miraculous. The year previous, the Occident had exhausted two thousand dollars and could not continue. Dr. Woodbridge undertook the editing and publishing of it without one cent of capital. Every department of labor was extravagantly high. Printing was expensive; rents exorbitant; church members fewer than now; and everything but an iron will and unfaltering trust, seemed to say—hopeless the task of attempting to keep up the Occident. But for seven long, laborious years, that wonderful man toiled on, breasting the whelming billows and scattering the foam of the opposing tides. Like a man mid ocean waves, holding above his head some precious treasure and striking for the shore; finally uttering a shout of triumph as he throws the treasure high and safe upon the stable island. So did the editor of the Occident buffet the whelming tide, till he finally reached the shore and threw the sacred journal upon the high promontory of success. And all this, too, while pastor of a church, and doing faithful pulpit work on the Sabbath, and faithful pastoral work during the week. Such was *the* Pioneer whom God, in his Providence, sent to lay the first foundation stone of our Zion in California.

Not long after Dr. Woodbridge went to Benicia, Rev. Albert Williams came to San Francisco, and organized the first Protestant Church ever organized in the city. For this church he labored with untiring toil for about six years. His labors were successful, for he built up, with God's blessing, a large and influential church, which has always remained one of the leading churches of the city.

Mr. Williams was about forty when he came to California. He was a man of fine culture, accomplished in manner, and of graceful deportment. Like all others in early times, he was subjected to self denial and hardships. Accustomed to the refinements of life in his old Eastern home, he found the rough life here more poetic than comfortable. But with heroic fortitude he stood to his post, and faithfully discharged his duty.

Now in declining life, the evening of his time seems a cool and pleasant Summer afternoon, when a balmy atmosphere breathes over the earth; the birds are singing and flowers blooming; and the western horizon is all aglow with the golden radiance which promises a beautiful and lovely sunset behind the western hills.

The third of the three W's who helped form the first Presbytery of our church was Rev. James

Woods, the writer of these "Recollections." He was thirty-four years old. He went to Stockton, January, '50, and organized the Presbyterian Church there the following March. A professor in the Medical College in Louisville, Ky., was once lecturing to his students upon phrenology. Though a superior man, he had extraordinary self-esteem. He told his students, in the lecture, that there were three perfect heads in the United States. Daniel Webster was one; Henry Clay was the other, and *modesty forbids* to say who the third is. So modesty forbids to say much about the third of the three W's. He remained in Stockton, pastor of the church, between four and five years. Like a certain character mentioned in the first chapter of Job, he has wandered a good deal "to and fro in the earth, and walked up and down in it."

To this Presbytery was soon added another member, Rev. Frederick Buel. He was sent to California by the American Bible Society, in the year '49. He was licensed to preach, but was not ordained when he first came to the coast. He was ordained in June, 50, and then became a full member of Presbytery. As a novelist would say, he was tall, graceful and handsome. When advanced in years and his beard

became tinged with gray, there was not a more venerable apostolic looking minister in the State. After his graduation at Yale College, his health being impaired, he embarked on a whaling ship, and went on a voyage to sea. On this voyage he studied theology. At his licensure he was asked in what Theological Seminary he studied; his reply was "The Whaling Ship Braganza." He had a solid intellect, and dealt in solid facts. Hence he was well adapted to the work of establishing upon a solid basis, the Bible Society in a new country. With financiering ability equal to the merchant princes, he laid his plans, and executed them with eminent success. The chief growth of the city, at first tended toward North Beach; and he purchased a lot for the society on Stockton street, near Green. But after a time he saw that a more favorable place would be on Montgomery street. In a year or two, his keen perception enabled him to see that Market would be the great commercial street of the city; hence he sold the lot on Montgomery and purchased on Market street. The Bible House stands there now, a monument of Mr. Buel's ability and energy. The lot on which the house stands, cost, about twenty years ago, thirty-five hundred dollars. It is now considered worth two hundred thous-

and dollars. Mr. Buel was sedate and dignified, never indulging in levity, yet he richly enjoyed quiet humor.

In '54, I traveled with him on a visit to the Big Trees. We spent the Sabbath at Murphy's Camp—a mining village. He preached in the morning, and I in the evening. My subject was the value of the soul. Seeing before me so many who evidently never thought of the future, and who would soon be in eternity—either seraphs of glory or demons of despair, I plead with them with all the earnestness of my heart, to seek salvation. There seemed to be a deep solemnity of feeling. At the close of the sermon, the minister whose pulpit we had occupied, thought to give emphasis to the sermon by adding an exhortation. This is not customary in the Presbyterian Church, but he was not a Presbyterian minister. He was quite young—not educated—not gifted—probably a mere local exhorter. He said the sermon reminded him of Col. Jones, of Virginia. He was a very rich man. He had a great plantation, and a great many negroes, "But," said the exhorter, "when Col. Jones got sick and was going to die, he said 'the whole world was not worth a fopen-sappenny,' and a fopen-sappenny is six and a quarter cents of your money."

The uncouth manner—the queer comparison—the explanation of how much a "fopen-sappenny" was, created a titter all through the congregation, and destroyed all solemnity. Evidently the time spent in the meeting was worse than thrown away. The ludicrous position which the introduction of the "fopen-sappenny," placed me, caused great amusement to Mr. Buel, and he frequently, at my expense, enjoyed the humor of relating in company, our preaching experience at Murphy's Camp.

The first meeting of the Bible Society, was held on the 30th of October, '49. The record reads:—"At a meeting of the persons friendly to the formation of a Bible Society, in San Francisco, at the Methodist Episcopal Church, Sabbath evening, October 30th, '49, after singing and prayer, on motion of Rev. Wm. Taylor, Rev. T. Dwight Hunt was called to the chair, and Frederick Billings, Secretary. An introductory address was made by F. Buel, the agent of the Parent Society. On motion of W. R. Wadsworth, seconded by Mr——, the meeting proceeded to organize a Bible Society, auxiliary to the American Bible Society."

The first name given it, was the San Francisco Bible Society. Subsequently the name was changed to California Bible Society. Mr.

Buel remained the agent nearly a quarter of a century up to a short period previous to his death. His health became impaired several years before he died. But with unfaltering trust, and untiring toil, he still pressed on, "faint but still pursuing." At his death, the Board of Trustees showed their appreciation of his great life work, by voting a donation of four thousand dollars to his family.

Next to the preaching of the Gospel, the circulation of the word of God is the great means of the salvation of a lost world.

"Star of eternity! the only star
By which the bark of man could navigate
The sea of life, and gain the coast of bliss
Securely; only star which rose on time,
And, on its dark and troubled billows,
* * * * threw a ray
Of heaven's own light, and to the hills of God,
* * * pointed the sinner's eye."

Were you to dip a glass of water from a spring of crystal purity, that glass of water would be an emblem of the heart and intellect of man, before he fell into sin. Pour a few drops of ink into that glass of water and it becomes an emblem of the heart and intellect of man *after* he fell into sin. Hence man now needs some guiding light, exterior to himself, to guide him on his way to Heaven. And no

where can that guiding light be found but in the Bible. Were the Angel of Mercy, weeping in pity over the sins and sorrows of a lost world, to hunt over all the hills of eternity and through all the fields of immensity, nowhere could this guiding light be found except in the word of God. There is no guiding star for man—tossing as he is upon the stormy ocean of moral night—that will lead him to eternal day, but the Bible. Through this mighty telescope benighted man may look past suns and stars and systems of mighty worlds, and gaze directly upon the Throne of God. And he may see the perpetually unfolding glories of heaven breaking around him, as he hears from the mercy-breathing lips of the mighty Redeemer, "Look unto me and be ye saved, all ye ends of the earth, for I am God and there is none else."

All the powers of earth and hell cannot destroy the Bible. For God has declared that the gates of hell shall not prevail against his church. If there were a thousand Tom Paines, where there is one, and a thousand Atheists, where there is one, and a thousand Bob Ingersolls, where there is one; their combined power could no more stop the work of the Bible, than they could stop the green grass from growing

over the hills and through the valleys when the refreshing showers of heaven have fallen upon them. As well might a puny mortal seek to pluck down the sun from his burning car in the skies as to destroy the Bible. And I have sometimes thought, that in the sight of angels, the efforts of these infidels to destroy the Bible would be about the same, as would the sight of little boys to us attempting to blow out the sun. On a hot summer day a company of boys are at their plays. They pant and sweat in the burning heat. At length they say, "Let us blow out that sun." So one boy plants himself, and blows with all his might and power; but the sun burns on. Another plants himself, and blows and blows, but the sun burns on. Yet another, with more conceit than the rest, plants himself; fills his cheeks and swells his breast, and blows and blows and blows, but the sun burns on. As these little children would appear to us, so, I have no doubt, these infidels appear to the angels.

The Bible is the sun in the moral heavens, and can no more be destroyed than you could tare down the sun from his golden car in the skies. And it is well you cannot, for the mind of an archangel could not comprehend the harm you would do in the destruction of the

Bible. Pluck down the sun from the heavens —throw a shroud of darkness over the moon, and extinguish the light of every star, and you do man no harm compared with the harm you do him in taking from him the Bible and all its glorious hopes. You dash down the only lamp enkindled at the eternal throne, and handed down to earth to guide man to immortality and bliss. No beacon light would ever burn again over the hills of darkness to direct man to the realms of eternal day.

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CHAPTER IV.

Donation Party—Betting on the Preacher—Insane Asylum—The Art Gallery—The Temptation—A Heroine—Coming to Confession—An Early Acquaintance—The '49 Ministers.

In May, '51, the people of Stockton made up a donation party and paid us a visit. Everything was planned in magnificent California style. It could not be made a surprise party, for there was no opportunity of concealment. Our house

was small and could accommodate but few, hence those who inaugurated the enterprise, erected a large tent near the house. In this, the tables were spread for the evening repast.

Early in the afternoon, express-wagons, drays, hand-carts, persons with bundles in their arms, were seen streaming in towards the house. Before sunset, a pile of provisions, of mountain height, was stacked in and around the tent. A person, fresh from the East, unacquainted with California munificence, would have supposed a grocery store was about to be opened. Flour, rice, bacon, ham, preserved meats, mackerel, codfish, coffee, tea, sugar, butter, cheese, spices, and everything on a scale as far surpassing anything of the kind in the old States, as the Big Trees of California surpass the common oaks of the Atlantic Coast. Two barrels of sugar and many smaller parcels—a dozen sacks of flour—large boxes of rice—coffee by the sack, and tea by the wholesale. Never was a preacher so loaded down under a burden of gratitude. Many of the provisions, as sugar, rice, coffee, tea, preserves, spices, lasted for years. Indeed, had we been as provident then, as we have sometimes been compelled to be since, some of these provisions might almost have lasted to the present time.

In the evening, when the company was collected, a contribution in money was made. As the tin cup was passed around, the half eagles, eagles, double eagles, dropping in, created music like the gingling of sleigh bells. Over seven hundred dollars in money were contributed, and almost as much more in provisions. For prices were still exorbitantly high. This donation party was not to supplement a lean and meager support, but was in addition to a large and liberal salary. These were flush times for poor preachers. These were the times when I used to carry two fifty dollar gold pieces in each vest pocket, and think no more of it than in carrying two trade dollars in each pocket now.

Soon after this donation party, a young man who had been a member of my congregation in Alabama, came to my study, somewhat late, on Saturday night. He said, another young man and he had been discussing the merits of their respective ministers. Each claimed his to be superior, so they had agreed that both should attend my service on the next morning, and the other in the evening. He did not state the fact, but I thought he seemed to wish me to polish up the weapons of spiritual warfare and make a more vigorous assault than usual, upon

the Prince of Darkness. But his hint was unnecessary, for I always, from principle and duty, do the best in my power on all occasions to bring confusion and defeat into the camp of the great adversary of souls. Betting was greatly in fashion, and I suppose they had been betting on their respective preachers.

I learned also that on another occasion, older persons had been betting. Capt. Weber had laid out the City of Stockton on his Spanish grant. A report was put in circulation that the grant would be proved invalid. On this report, several persons had appropriated town lots, and put fences around them. Quite a storm of commotion was threatened. One day three men came to me to get my opinion as to whether Capt. Weber or the citizens ought to hold the lots. They said some persons had bet that I would side with the citizens, and others that I would side with Capt. Weber. Without giving any opinion on either side, I gave these men an earnest lecture upon the wrong of betting.

It was during this Summer that the State Insane Asylum was commenced in Stockton. And the meanest act I ever committed was in connection with a patient of the Asylum. Yet, it

was not mean in intention, nor mean in its results. A young man had become insane, and at times was very violent. The Superintendent of the Asylum was aware that he had great confidence in me as a friend of his. Neither the keepers nor his friends could induce him to leave his house. To use force they feared would greatly aggravate his insanity, and perhaps cause it to become permanent or prove fatal. So the Superintendent came to my house with a buggy, and stated his plan. I was to go to the house of the young man and invite him to take a ride. After riding awhile I was to invite him into the house (Asylum) of my friend. As I would pass through a certain room, they would close the door and leave him in a room behind.

The plan looked feasible, but it looked so *mortal mean* to deceive the poor young man in such a manner, that for a time I shrank from it. But as it would really be an act of kindness, I attempted the plan and landed him quietly in the Asylum. In a few months, by kind and skillful treatment, he was completely restored.

One of the saddest sights I ever witnessed was in the Asylum that Summer. It was a fine looking, manly boy of ten or eleven summers, whose mind had been destroyed by fright. In

coming round Cape Horn, in a terrible storm, a fellow passenger, in jest, took him in his arms and told him he was going to throw him overboard. Supposing he was in earnest, it created such a fright, that the shock shattered the mind from its balance, and he became an idiot.

The Superintendent called him in, that I might see him. He came in, rattling a bunch of keys, as you sometimes see an infant do, humming a doleful tune, a most pitiful object. The sight of him, with the relation of the cause of his idiocy, made the cold chills run over me. The poor little fellow died a few months later.

There is a wonderful contrast between the Asylum of '51 and the one of '77. Then it was a rough board house on Market street—a frame building of ten or twelve rooms. Still, it was comfortable, in the same sense that a man may make himself as comfortable in a log cabin as in a marble palace. And the difference between the original building and the present structure, is about the same as between the cabin and the palace.

The two immense structures now, one for male and the other female patients, are an honor to any State and an ornament to any city. The outgrounds are ornamented with every va-

riety of flower and shrubbery—with winding walks and shady bowers and sparkling fountains—all exhibiting a beauty and loveliness, that ought, one would think, charm away the spirit of lunacy from the distracted heart. I have visited the Emperor's garden in Brazil. The tropical climate there causes the flowers to develop a more beautiful wealth of bloom than, perhaps, any place in the world. But there was not that taste in arranging and beautifying the grounds as here. But oh, how all this beauty and grandeur mock at the ambitious aspirations of man. For if one man owned it all, and some whelming sorrow had burned in upon his spirit, and inflicted a blow that had shattered the intellect from its throne, and he became a maniac confined in his own splendid dwelling—the beggar upon the sidewalk would be an object of congratulation in comparison. A heart of iron could hardly help melting at the sight of some of the patients in the Asylum.

Strange fancies sometimes dance through the fevered brain, and produce the most intense wretchedness. This fiery stream of burning thought that scorches through the maddened brain, is sometimes set in motion by some careless act of thoughtlessness. In other instances,

malice, or envy, has started a foul insinuation, which has set in motion a tide of sorrow, that swelled on till it became a dark and terrible billow, whelming the spirit into a shattered wreck.

Sometimes a deep-laid scheme to ensnare the innocent and lovely, has resulted in the hopeless, starless gloom of incurable insanity. An object of pitiable wretchedness I once saw, was a female, of middle age, whose mind had been shattered from its balance by disappointed love. She had been insane ten years, yet she was surpassingly beautiful. True, the fire that burned in her eye was unnatural, but as brilliant as a blazing diamond, and her voice as fascinating as the song of a siren. Her hair was black as the raven's wing—her cheek white as marble, and her features of more perfect form than chisel of sculptor ever carved. It is forty years since I saw her, and never but once. But that sad, beautiful maniac face was daguerreotyped upon my memory, and the picture is as fresh as though engraved there on yesterday. Ten years before, a cadet had won her youthful heart and forsaken her. He plucked the blooming rose of radiant beauty, then threw it away to wither in the dust. And the surging tide of wretchedness that broke over her spirit crushed

it into hopeless blight. The heart was broken, the mind shattered, and the maniac beauty spent the remainder of her days in a Lunatic Asylum.

Cruelty is sometimes the match which touches the magazine of burning passion in some sensitive natures. These natures are sometimes wrought up to the utmost tension, then some rough blast smites them, and all is a shattered wreck.

If, when human sorrow is crushing the heart, the cross of Christ beams before the eye of faith, then a bright star of hope will arise over the gathering gloom, and allure the thoughts away to scenes of beauty and glory on the other side of the dark river. These visions of bliss upon the shores of light, would charm away the soul from its earthly sorrows to the hopes of immortal bliss. A man of large wealth in Sacramento conceived the beautiful idea of building an Art Gallery, and adorning it with choice works of art. Before the structure was completed, he was attacked with softening of the brain. Still he lived on, though the mind's powers were fading away. At length beautiful pictures and statuary began to line the walls and fill the niches. He was led in to see the objects of beauty; but as this collection of

loveliness was pointed out to him, he gazed upon it all, though his own great work, as an infant would gaze upon a flower-bed of roses. His mind was gone. He was like an infant. What powerful motives press upon us every day, to seek a mansion of glory that shall be enjoyed forever.

One day, in Stockton, in the Summer of '50, while passing the City Recorder's Office, he called me in, and told me he was translating the record of the Spanish grant of Capt. Weber. He said the northern boundary of the grant, was the north slough. As I had built a house on the north side of the slough, and was living there, and the first on the land, I could pre-empt one hundred and sixty acres, which would soon be in the very heart of the city; hence I could make a great fortune. I replied to him, that I did not come to California to acquire riches, but to try to persuade men to seek the true riches of eternal life. But if a fortune were thrown across my path, I would not hesitate to pick it up, *provided* I were entitled to it, and could do it without injuring my influence as a minister. My first sermon in the city had been upon the text, "For I determined not to know anything among you, but Jesus Christ, and him crucified." And it was my inflexible

purpose to abide by that principle, and do nothing that would in any way impair my ministerial usefulness.

I could see at a glance, that an effort to secure one half of the lots which Capt. Weber had laid off into a city, even if *successful*, would entirely destroy my influence as a minister. Hence I dismissed the subject without a further thought. I had been home but a short time, before a lawyer came to my house and presented a glowing picture of the great wealth that lay within my grasp. He said I need not do anything myself in the way of business. Simply sign papers, that was all. He would do all the law business, and take a portion of the property for his fees. He would prepare all the papers and do all the law work on condition, that did he not succeed in securing the property, he would require no pay. So that, he urged, I would be at no trouble, incur no risk, and obtain a great fortune. He urged many reasons why I should secure the vast wealth. My stereotyped reply was, that I did not come to California to make a fortune, but to try and save souls. Hence I could not engage in an enterprise where it was perfectly apparent it would ruin my influence as a minister of the gospel, consequently I told him I must dismiss

the whole subject promptly and finally. The lawyer left, I suppose, in great disgust at my folly.

That this was a temptation of the devil to destroy my influence as an ambassador of Christ, I have no doubt. He would throw out a glittering bait and present a splendid prize, so that, should I be caught in the net, my work for Christ would be at an end. I do not claim any better human nature than the "chief of sinners." Nor is my human nature any more exempt from the temptation of covetousness than the most greedy toiler for gold. Yet for some cause, which I cannot explain, only by reference to a protecting providence, Satan's temptation had not the weight of a feather. Whether it was ever known in my church and congregation I am not aware. I neve rtold it, for I was ashamed that any one should think me capable of yielding to such a temptation. And I expect the clerk and lawyer were both ashamed of plying me with it. Hence, both parties were in the position of the innocent youth who waited upon the young girl home. Fearing the jibes of his companions, he suggested to her not to speak of his accompanying her home. "You needn't fear," she quickly replied. "for I am more ashamed of it than you are."

Among those who came to California in '49, was a young lady of sixteen, who developed into one of the most extraordinary persons I have ever personally known or read of.

She was born on Emelet Island, Grand River, Canada, in 1833. Though cold stormy blasts sweep over this island with shivering power, during the Winter season, yet in mild June, there is a calm loveliness breathing over it, richly compensating for all the rough storms of snow and sleet of Winter. The morning of the birth of this lovely child, was as beautiful as ever broke over this sorrowing earth. The sky was as brightly pure as ever hung in the heavens, while the waters of the river which went dancing past the green isle, sparkled in as bright a sun as ever poured its golden beams over island, lake, or ocean wave.

But, as not unfrequently happens in high northern latitudes in midsummer. a sudden thunderstorm spread its gloom over earth and sky before the sun had rolled upon his golden car far up the eastern sky. The storm was brief. The lightnings flashed and thunders roared, and the tempest beat for a brief hour, and then the storm chariot rolled on, and the earth smiled in lovelier beauty than before. But a lightning shaft had shattered the house

in which this unconscious babe lay sleeping. The house was shorn of its beauty, and its symmetry could not be restored. But its utility was unimpaired. For a few short hours the day again glowed in the sunshine with surpassing beauty. But, just as the sun was reaching its zenith, another storm, darker, fiercer, more terrible than the first, whelmed everything in almost midnight gloom.

After a brief hour, again the storm car rolled on, and again the sunshine poured his genial warmth over the earth. That day of her birth was an emblematic history of that child's stormy, sunshine life.

Bright and happy as an angel, singing and playing amid the rosy bowers of her father's beautiful home, she was light-hearted and joyous as a lark in the dewy grass on a bright, sunny Summer morn. At the age of six years, she was attacked with fever. This was the lightning shaft which fell upon her earthly tabernacle while yet in early growth—the first blighting of the rose while yet in bud, before it bloomed into beauty.

From some mysterious cause, beyond medical knowledge to discover, one shoulder and side ceased to grow, and never attained any

larger size. The other shoulder and side continued to grow to its full and ordinary development; so that at full maturity she was but the height of a girl ten or eleven years, with one shoulder of well developed growth, the other the size of a child six years old.

The house was shattered by the lightning shaft, its symmetry destroyed, but its utility unimpaired. God is kind and grants compensation And in that frail, feeble body is a large intellect, a beautiful heart, and intense energy. Every day of her life, she suffers much pain from the distortion of her side, and every day of her life, she puts forth the energy and heart sympathy of ten ordinary persons of her age and sex. Just as her sun was reaching its zenith, her sky again grew dark. Another storm of deeper darkness, and more overwhelming gloom gathered over her. But the Divine hand reached down from the eternal throne and brushed that dark cloud away. But whether the pain of heart caused by that cold, icy tempest has, or ever will pass away, none but herself will ever know. At length the sweet balm of peace which religion pours upon the troubled spirit, brought relief. And as soon as the sunshine again broke over her path, she was at work for her Saviour, wiping the tears from the

eyes of sorrowing orphans. In the sweet little bower of domestic life, which her fiery energy has created around her, she has gathered eight orphans, adopted them as her own, and given them her own name. In addition, she takes quite a number of boarders, from two to eighteen years of age. She has a school which she formerly taught, but now has an assistant. The school consists of her own orphans and boarders, and those she gathers around the town.

About eight in the morning (1875), along the streets of San Jose, you may see this former child of fortune driving a pair of horses in a large spring wagon—the curtains rolled up on sunny mornings—gathering up her little scholars. From fourteen to eighteen happy little creatures are packed into this vehicle, all as cheery as little humming-birds in a flower garden. At the close of the school in the afternoon, all these little ones are taken back to their homes. For all this her charges are exceedingly light. This embodiment of energy, who, in early life, was reared in wealth and luxury, superintends everything in doors and out connected with the whole household.

Sometime since, she had a Chinaman for a servant. Becoming disobedient and insolent,

she went to the bureau, took out a pistol and discharged it two or three times to let the Chinaman know she was not afraid of firearms, and that it would be prudent for him to leave instantly. He did not need to be told twice to leave. Her energy and industry are tireless. Once, when on a visit to her home, I found her on a step-ladder graining the window-frames of her house. The fear is that the fiery energy of her spirit will overwork her little feeble body and lay it too soon in the dust. No mother ever took more loving care of her own children, than she does of these dear children of her adoption. If there is a more extraordinary woman in California, or any other State, or in the world, than Miss Agnes Otterson, of San Jose, I have failed to see her.

One Sabbath morning, while standing at the church door, before the congregation had assembled, a Spaniard came along and commenced talking; but I could not understand much Spanish, nor he much English, so but little could be communicated from one to the other. When I told him that I was "American Padre" American priest—he immediately removed his hat, took my hand and kissed it. Asking permission to enter the church, he stood before the pulpit for a time, crossed himself and then came out.

At another time, a Spaniard came to me, and desired that I should receive his confession, and pardon his sins; I told him that, although I could pardon his sins as well as any other man, yet it lay not within my power. There was only one who could pardon sin; that was the Great High Priest, Jesus Christ. I advised him to go to Jesus Christ for pardon and to no one else, for no one else could pardon him. He went away and I never saw him more.

One of the first acquaintances I made in California, was Rev. Joseph A. Benton, of the Congregational Church of Sacramento. He was then fresh from the schools of learning. To say that he took the first prize of scholarship at Yale College, is to say that he was a very fine scholar. By coming across the plains in the early part of '49, he showed himself possessed of a heroism that qualified him to encounter the spirit of the times. One of the first books written on the coast was from his pen. It was entitled "The California Pilgrim." In the preface he painted his own portrait. "For himself, the writer of this book has nothing to say. Whether he be a novice in authorship; what public relations he may sustain; what opinions he may hold, and what may be his personal peculiarities; the curious in

such matters, if any, can easily find out otherwise, if they do not find them in the book." These prefatory remarks showed the man, and it was the kind of individuality and independence that greatly commended him to the manliness of Forty-niners. In his book, he started out his "Pilgrim" on his travels, in which he encountered many strange incidents. He went into a mill in San Francisco, where they were grinding coffee and beans together. Both were put into the same hopper and ground up. But Pilgrim, with all his skill, and ingenuity, and inquisitiveness, could never learn how they got the ground coffee and ground beans separated after once ground up together.

There were all kinds and classes of men in the mines in '49. There were learned lawyers, and doctors, and scientific men. Prof. Shepherd, of Yale College, drove an ox-team for quite a time and made sixty dollars a day. Dr. Toland went to the mines a while and made fifty cents a day. As there were men of real learning, so there were mere pretenders. Pilgrim met some of these. "Mr. A. said the country was volcanic. Old and extinct craters could be found; and there was no use going any further to find out where the gold came from. The volcanoes had melted and mixed it

up with the rocks; had scattered it here and there; had thrown it out into lumps, sprinklings and fluid masses, and poured it helter-skelter in all directions."

"Dr. H. said nature was poetical always. He did not think there was any gold in the bowels of the earth, or ever was. Gold, and its kindred metals came to the earth from without, from the regions of meteors and comets, and the like. He thought a comet had brushed the world in its flight, and had left a large portion of itself on the world, in gaseous forms, and had, at the same time, set our atmosphere on fire, creating a heat compared with which Nebuchadnezzar's furnace was only a hotel fire, fusing all the friable rocks, burning the whole soil to a cinder, or into red clay and brick dust, and melted down the tops of the hills into the likeness of cones and craters." And thus he conceived that the gold was deposited by the comet.

"Engineer C. said he could not see as there was any use in trying to learn *how* gold was manufactured or *where* it came from, unless we could learn where to *get* it." The practical, rather than the theoretical, is what most people care for, so far as *gold* is concerned.

Dr. Benton is now Professor in the Congregational Theological Seminary, and retains all his original independence and individuality, and is a very agreeable Christian gentleman.

As a rule, the ministers of '49 and '50 were truly faithful to the high trust of holding the banner of Christanity amid the wild and stirring conflicts of worldliness and strife. Probably, never in the history of the world was there a wilder, more intense rush for gold, than in California, in early times. As, on the deck of a Mississippi steamer, when it had reached the port. I have seen the captain throw down some pieces of coin, that each sailor might get what he could—as then, old and young, colored and white, bond and free, big and little, would make a desperate rush—jostling against each other—falling over each other, and pushing each other aside with most intense scrambling for the coin:—so was the rush for riches in the first years of California life.

It was amid these wild tumultous scenes, that ministers of the gospel preached, and laid the foundations of the church on the Pacific shores. It is common now, at the end of a quarter of a century, to hear people, and especially the wicked, speak disparagingly of religion and everything connected with churches in the early

times of active strife. People now sometimes say that church-members, preachers, elders, deacons, all mingled promiscuously in drinking whisky—playing cards—attending theatres and everything evil. But this charge is entirely false. In the first five years in California, I knew of two preachers only, who did not retain their religious character. One gambler in Stockton, was said to have been a preacher in the Eastern States, and one became intemperate.

There were instances of ministers coming to California to obtain the means of extricating themselves from debt at home. I knew two such. One drove a dray in Stockton, the other worked in the mines. The one in the mines preached faithfully and eloquently to his fellow miners, on every Sabbath. He was fortunate in mining, soon had enough to pay his debts, returned home and settled again over the people of his former charge. The other, who had the dray, was said to be an able preacher. But he did not preach here. While all others were at their work on the Sabbath, he never took out his team, but was a strict observer of the sacredness of the day. His deportment was always that of a sincere, humble Christian.

There were ministers of different denominations in the early years of California, whose names will not appear blazoned upon the annals of church history, who were, nevertheless, men of power and eloquence. Wherever they appeared, throngs gathered and listened with rapt attention and interest.

One of the best preachers I ever knew, was a pastor of a country congregation in Tennessee. He was a native of Goshen, New York, a graduate of Yale, and theological student of Princeton. Superadded to fine natural genius, was an accomplished education, and the charm of combined grace and dignity. A warmer heart seldom beat in human breast than in his. His sermons were rich in biblical learning—beautiful in rhetoric and strong in logic. Better than all, they were pervaded with an earnest and godly piety. They were also delivered with a powerful eloquence. I have heard a great many preachers, north and south, east and west, in city and village, in cathedral and chapel, in school house and log cabin, and I never heard but one whom I considered superior to James M. Arnell, pastor of a country church. When he died, the American pulpit lost one of its brightest ornaments, and the gospel one of its most powerful advocates. Yet, except to the

ministers and elders of the Synod, he was hardly known outside of the county in which he lived.

How different the history of individuals, oftentimes, when written by men, and when recorded by angels, and laid up in the archives of Heaven. These records will be brought out to view again at the last great day. Then each life history will be exhibited before the universe. Some ministers who are now deemed stars of the first magnitude, will then dwindle into dimness and obscurity. While some who are now obscure and unknown, will shine forth with a beauty and power like glowing meteors upon the firmament of heaven. And such were some of the earnest, faithful, self-denying ministers of the early years of California.

They came clad in the battle armor; their feet shod with the preparation of the Gospel of Peace; their loins girt about with truth; with the breastplate of righteousness, and the helmet of salvation, grasping the shield of faith, and wielding the sword of the spirit, which is the word of God.

When they have seen the swelling tide of depravity rolling over society, and bearing upon its dark bosom myriads of immortal souls down

to death, they have thrown themselves before the sweeping billows, and done all in their power to roll the dark tide back upon its source. When the wild storm of passion has beat in whelming power all around them, their clarion voice has rung out above the howling tempest; and the helmsman at his rudder, and each one at his post has been cheered, and encouraged, and strengthened to act a brave, and Christian, and manly part.

The people generally of forty-nine were an energetic, generous, noble set of men. Of course, there are exceptions to all general rules. But, as a class, there is not a more efficient, stirring set of men in the world than the old California forty-niners.

"Sweet bards along the sunset shore
Their mellow melodies will pour;
Will charm as charmers very wise,
Will strike the harp with master hand,
And sound unto the vaulted skies
The valor of these men of old—
The mighty men of forty-nine;
Will sweetly sing, and proudly say,
Long, long agone there was a day
When there were giants in the land."

CHAPTER V.

THE BURIAL—THE DESPERADO—A MOTHER'S INFLUENCE—A SPLENDID MANSION.

In the summer of '50 there came to Stockton an English family. They came by way of Sydney. And as Sydney was formerly the emporium of a British penal colony, those who came from there, were looked upon with a degree of distrust; *unless* they could exhibit pretty clean papers. And as people were too intensely engaged, to turn aside to investigate claims to respectability, suspicions were not unfrequently breathed against those who came from there.

The parents were old. The children had all arrived at maturity, and all sustained the highest grade of moral deportment. The oldest son was married, and he, with his wife, were the first persons I received into the church on profession of faith.

The old gentleman had been a Unitarian minister in England. He was ungainly in person and somewhat eccentric in manner. For

some reason, he had lost his title to Rev. before he left England. The old lady belonged to a family of high social position, and according to English custom, she claimed high social position here on the same basis. But as she was reduced to the necessity of taking in washing to keep from suffering for the necessities of life, her claim to position on the ground of high English blood was not recognized, and it caused her great disgust with the Americans. As the human countenance is a mirror, when she scowled upon others, they scowled back again. The consequence was, she was very much ostracized from the society to which she and her family were, by their intelligence, justly entitled.

After a year or two, the tide of prosperity not turning in their favor, the whole family moved out upon the Mokelumne River, twenty miles, and settled upon public land. Still the tide of fortune was adverse. To a little native aversion to toil, perhaps, was added that miserable notion that some English people have that sons and daughters in families of high birth should not labor. Hence the young men would catch fish out of the river, and recline beneath the shade of the broad oaks on the river banks.

While eking out a bare subsistence, the old gentleman died. One of the young men came to Stockton and informed me of his father's death. He said they had no money to give him a decent burial, and desired to borrow enough of me to purchase a coffin and hire a man to dig the grave. I loaned him the money, for it was flush times with me then. He purchased the coffin, and returned home twenty miles in the night. The arrangement for the funeral was, for me to meet them at the cemetery the next day at two o'clock, and attend the burial ceremonies.

The old gentleman, ever since he came to Stockton, had worn a very ancient cloak. In its early day, it had probably been a sort of prophetic mantle, and the insignia of his high position as a scholar and English clergyman. And here on Sabbath, wherever he went by day or night, in sunshine or storm, he was ever enwrapt in his antique cloak. The cemetery where the old gentleman was to be buried was two miles away from town, and when the family arrived, no one had come with them, and no one had come out from the town, hence none were at the services but the family and myself.

The remains had been borne in a wagon, the coffin covered with the ancient cloak. One of the most melancholy spectacles I ever witnessed, was those young men lowering their father's coffin into the grave. The eldest son then took the old and venerated cloak, and dropt it into the grave—spreading it carefully over the coffin. The sons were then about to take the spade and cause the gravel to fall upon their father's coffin in filling the grave. But I entreated them to forbear, and remain simply as mourners, while the grave-digger and I would fill in the grave.

Father Skey's family by degrees perceived the folly of attempting to sustain, without wealth, English nobility upon American soil. They addressed themselves to toil and industry, and soon took position of high respectability in the community. Fifteen years after the events here related, I met the old lady, and she animadverted quite severely upon herself for her want of common sense when she first came to California. A great many people have found California a good school in which to learn common sense.

One Sabbath morning, while on my way to the church to commence services, I noticed a large crowd gathered on the corner of an ad-

joining block. I went round to learn the cause. A young man had just been shot and was lying in his blood. He was a gambler and desperado. While having his shoes blacked on the sidewalk, another gambler stepped up behind him and shot him through the back, and he fell dead upon the pavement.

The young man who was killed was known as Jim Taylor. Whether this was his true name I am not aware, for many of his class in those times took a fictitious name. He was but twenty-two years of age, and the most ferocious desperado that ever scattered terror around his bloody pathway. He had in other parts of the State encountered in fierce fight other desperadoes and came off victor.

Previous to his coming to Stockton, Bill —— had worn the crown in the empire of desperation. But like two game cocks who had always swept the walk, they soon met in battle array. But Bill thought it prudent, in order to secure his future fortunes, to retreat. Jim called out, "Come back, Bill, and fight like a man." But Bill did not come back, and Jim was crowned king. Agreeably to the scripture, "the wicked and bloody man shall not live out half his days," it was but a short time after this encounter,

that Jim Taylor was weltering in blood in his death agony upon the sidewalk.

He had threatened another gambler, and the trembling coward watched his opportunity, crept up behind him and shot him through the back. The man who did this dastardly deed fled for safety to the jail, as to an asylum, for he feared lest the friends of young Taylor would inflict summary vengeance upon him.

He, however, upon trial, was convicted of murder and sentenced to be executed. But he had a brother in town who drew up and circulated a petition to the Governor, that the death penalty be commuted to imprisonment for life. It was a moving spectacle to see this young man laboring for the life of his brother. He went first to the ladies, where he knew sympathy would be most readily elicited. Sympathy for this young man secured a large subscription to the petition for the life of the brother. The Governor granted the petition. The next Governor, two years later, pardoned the criminal, and he went free.

Oh! what wretchedness and sorrow do wicked, reckless young men bring upon the burdened heart of a loving mother. And oh, how a mother should seek to implant the precious

seed of divine truth in the young, tender heart of the child. I never lose hope of a young man, however far he is gone in the depths and darkness of depravity, if in early youth he had a praying mother. And especially, if with her prayers she sought to impress the heart with the lessons of divine truth.

The heart of childhood is like soft wax. As you press the seal upon the wax, the image of the seal is left upon it. So impressions enstamped upon the heart in early childhood, will leave a lasting impress and cannot be easily erased. As the child grows up to maturity, he may wander far, and travel long—he may scale the heights of the mountains, and descend to the depths of the valleys—he may penetrate the icy regions of the poles or the burning sands of the equator—he may sail out far on the ocean wave and take up his abode on some green isle of the sea. There he may be charmed by the magic power of nature in all its unclothed fascinations. Beneath perpetual summer skies, fanned by soft and balmy airs, and shaded in bowers as lovely as bloomed in Eden before the curse, he may resign himself to the indulgence of every sensual delight, and revel in every passion of the soul.

But those impressions of sacredness enstamped upon the heart by a mother's faithful instructions, will abide and make him constantly restless.

As the night wind sighs through the foliage of the forest, he will seem to hear the echo of that soft, sweet voice, which in childhood's happy hour taught him to say,

> "Now I lay me down to sleep,
> I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to keep,
> If I should die before I wake,
> I pray Thee, Lord, my soul to take."

When the fires of fever are burning through the system, and the cool breeze from the mountain top comes wandering to his bedside and kisses his aching brow, it will remind him of his mother's soft hand pressing upon his youthful forehead, and saying to him, "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

Even in the darkest days of his iniquity, the graceful form of his beautiful mother will seem to rise up before him, and reprove him with a power more tender and impressive than all earthly powers besides. All these potent influences of a mother's early love, like so many restraining angels of mercy, will often have the power to draw the wanderer away from his en-

chanted thraldom, and break the magic spell of the vile sorceress of sin.

Many a Christian mother on her dying bed has been so favored with grace, that visions of celestial glory have opened upon her enraptured spirit, and her soul has panted to spread its pinions for its upward flight to the bright world above. But one sad, heavy thought rested upon her otherwise happy spirit. Her wandering, wicked son was lost. This one sad thought created a gloom that threw its saddening shadow over all the beautiful brightness, in which her soul would have reveled but for this one sad, heavy bitterness.

Yet that mother, on the plains of light, as a reward of her faithfulness, may at length meet that son, saved and happy forever in heaven. In some lone hour of sickness, or in some overwhelming adversity, when dark night has involved him in impenetrable gloom, and there was no human eye to pity or human arm to help, he bethought him of the sinner's friend, of whom his mother often told him in childhood's happy hours. And in this dark night of sorrow he sought and found Christ, and was saved. Let mothers never weary in pouring sacred truth into the mind and hearts of their children.

While some boys went to ruin in California in early times, others withstood the whelming tide of evil, and rose to the highest positions.

Among those who have been greatly honored and risen to distinguished eminence was Milton S. Latham. He came to California a mere youth. He has been Governor of the State, Senator in Congress, and is now President of the London and San Francisco Bank.

His country residence is at Menlo Park. I was on a visit to a friend at that place, and he invited me to take a stroll through Mr. Latham's grounds.

It was in the lovely month of May. The morning light had spread in crimson beauty over the eastern sky. During the night a gentle shower had fallen, and an atmosphere of crystal purity, like the very breath of angels, breathed over the bright and smiling earth. The sky, like a vast concave mirror, reflected one of the most beautiful landscape pictures human eye ever rested upon.

My friend and I left his residence and started along a lane lined with green foliage, amid shady oaks and blushing festoons of blooming flowers. At length we reached an open gate, leading into what seemed a magnificent park.

We paused at the entrance, for just inside the gate on the left, a beautiful cottage, new and costly, was embowered amid rose and ivy, and every form of floral beauty. It seemed as though we were about to enter upon enchanted ground. For the fairy form of an elegantly dressed lady appeared at the window, as if to challenge our right to enter the enclosure. We deemed it proper, therefore, to ask permission to walk in amid the picturesque scenes of beauty which began to open upon the view. Permission granted, we passed on through flowery avenues, beneath shady trees and overhanging bowers. Tropical fruits bloomed on every hand amidst the green and velvet lawn. Over tree and shrub and flower, pendant dew-drops glistened in the morning sunbeams like flashing jewels hanging upon the cheek of beauty.

As we passed along—sudden as Aladdin's imperial palace, plated with bars of gold and silver, its windows flashing with rubies, emeralds and diamonds—sudden as this palace rose upon the view of the Oriental Sultan, so suddenly a great white mansion stood before us. Like some mountain of marble, hewn by some powerful genii into exquisitely beautiful architecture, the great mansion stood before our astonished sight. After gazing for a time upon

its grandeur and beauty, we passed on and came upon a less imposing structure, but a more exquisite work of art. This was a Mohammedan mosque. It was not built as a temple of idolatry, but as an ornament of beauty. Still it may well be doubted, whether building a temple of idolatry in a Christian land—even as a beautiful ornament, may not be an offense to God, who holds idolatry in abhorrence. As a work of art, it was exquisitely beautiful, erected at an expense, probably, of twenty thousand dollars. We passed on amid avenues of flowers, bronze and marble statues, and singing birds, till another grand building rose upon the view. Had you been in a foreign land, you might have supposed that some nobleman had erected a castle of antique style.

But it soon became apparent, that this was the stable of the great establishment. And yet you would sooner think these were the stables of some foreign prince than a private American citizen. Inside were carriages of every size and form, and style. The horses were of every grade, from the beautiful English courser and noble war steed, down to the Shetland pony; gas fixtures of the grandest style—waxed floors —waiting-room with richest carpet—harness covered with gold plate costing eleven hundred

dollars a pair, all looked like an establishment of some foreign prince.

From the stables we passed round through the park, and came upon a large company of workmen, over whom a scientific gardener was superintending. Here at last we are to find utility. Hitherto all has been taste and beauty. Now an extensive vegetable garden will open upon the view. No—still the flowery avenues are being laid out and cultivated. All is art and beauty. But at length we conclude our walk through the charming grounds and return to our abode.

I sincerely wish Mr. Latham may retain his riches, but I far more intensely desire that he may obtain the true riches of eternal life. "For it will profit a man nothing if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul."

All earthly riches will soon cease to do us any good. We must soon leave them all. But the true riches of eternal life are to be enjoyed forever. The mansion of glory upon the plains of light, which every child of God will inherit, will be enjoyed as long as eternity lasts.

CHAPTER VI.

THE HOWARD CHURCH—HAPPY VALLEY—PALACE HOTEL—A GREAT FIRE—THE SAN JOSE CHURCH—A CHARACTER—MARYSVILLE CHURCH—A LIGHT IN OAKLAND—TWO FUNERAL SCENES—SINGULAR NAMES OF TOWNS—CHINESE MISSION—TRACT SOCIETY—A PROMISING BOY.

Rev. S. H. Willey organized the Howard Presbyterian Church in San Francisco, in September, '50. Mr. Willey came to California on the first steamer, on which was Rev. Sylvester Woodbridge, Rev. O. C. Wheeler, and Rev. John W. Douglas. They landed in February, '49. Mr. Willey and Mr. Douglas were of the New School branch of the Presbyterian Church, and I of the Old School, hence I saw but little of them in ecclesiastical associations previous to the union of the two bodies in '70. Monterey was the Capital of the State when Mr. Willey arrived, and he went there to labor for the church. But though the town was there, the people had mostly gone to the mines. And as he had come to California to preach to people and not to towns, he returned to San

Francisco, after a few months, and commenced gathering a congregation. They occupied a carpenter's shop, lined with cloth and fitted up with seats, which, though rough, were quite comfortable. This was near the corner of Second and Minna streets.

If a person were to describe the location as it was then, you could find it now just about as readily as you could find the Garden of Eden after the flood. For this carpenter's shop stood in a valley, through which meandered a bright, sparkling stream of water. It was called Happy Valley. Native flowers bloomed in their loveliness and shed their fragrance over the surrounding hills. On each side of the valley, extended sandy ridges, covered with chaparral; and the white tents were scattered all through the brush.

Where the Palace Hotel now stands, stood scores of these white cloth tents, on the tops of sand hills nearly as high as the top of the hotel. And though there may be many happy hearts in that magnificent Palace, it may well be doubted whether there were not more hearts happy in the tents scattered over those sand banks than in that magnificent structure. For the hearts of the occupants of those tents were elated with bright, golden hopes. Visions of

mansions as beautiful as the great Palace rose upon the future, and filled them with joy and ecstacy. And it is not improbable that if some of the occupants of those tents are not the owners of the Palace and the Grand, they are the proprietors of property as valuable.

One of the richest men in San Francisco was a steerage passenger on the ship in which I came to California in '49. He was a laboring man, and as fast as he received his wages he invested it in city lots. These lots increased in value at an enormous rate, and made him immensely wealthy.

The ground on which the Redington building stands, and near where stood the carpenter's shop in which Mr. Willey organized his church, could then, probably, have been purchased for five hundred dollars. Now it is worth five hundred thousand dollars. This accounts for the great wealth of some people in San Francisco. But the demon of stock gambling has not only scattered vast fortunes, but in multitudes of instances, has swept away the comfortable competency which hard toil had acquired.

Many people are now without a home, when, but for adventures in stocks, they would have owned a comfortable house—sheltered under their own vine and fig-tree, and reposing in

ease and serenity through the quiet evening of a happy life.

Mr. Willey's congregation built a new house of worship, which was dedicated on the 15th of June, '51. When they organized in the carpenter's shop in Happy Valley, there was no church nearer than Washington street, between Dupont and Stockton. That was twenty-five years ago; now there is a perfect wilderness of churches, nearly in a direct course between the two points.

On the next Sabbath after the dedication of their church, while Dr. Willey was reading the scriptures in the introductory exercises, the sudden cry of "*fire!*" rung out over the city. Without waiting to say Amen, the audience and minister all rushed to the conflagration, and toiledt he whole day like heroes, as they were, to extinguish the whelming flames. But as well might they have attempted to stop the tornado on its path of desolation as stop that fire. This was one of the five great fires that, in about as many years, laid nearly all San Francisco in ashes.

It would seem that none but the men who were made of such stern stuff as the forty-niners would have had courage to attempt to rebuild the city when it had five times nearly

all been laid in the dust. But such iron-nerved men as were collected together in California in '49 and '50 have seldom been gathered on this mundane sphere.

This church edifice was built of lumber imported from Maine; from whence had come most of the leading men of the congregation. These men from Maine, like their own lofty pines, were men of lofty purpose and faith. Some of them continue to this day. They still press on through heat and cold, storm and calm, cloud and sunshine. Their hearts have lately been cheered with the prospect of having their beautiful church relieved of a burden of debt, that has caused much anxiety for a long time.

The Presbyterian church at San Jose was organized in the old adobe Court-house by Rev. John W. Douglas, in the fall of '49. Among the original members was Mr. Thomas Douglas, a namesake of the minister, but not a relative. The minister remained in the State a few years and returned East. But Mr. Thomas Douglas has remained a member of the church to this day. At the post of duty he has always stood with unyielding tenacity, and has always been a pillar of the church. Only in one duty, and that not an ecclesiastic one, has he been delin quent. He has never married. And, if noth-

ing shall interpose to prevent, he will in the course of time die of old age.

Probably not a Sabbath has passed since the church was organized that he has not been at the church service, unless absent from home. Nor has he been less faithful at the Wednesday evening prayer meetings. He is never sick, never weary, never hungry; and neither heat or cold, Summer or Winter, wet or dry, mud or dust, ever keeps him from his post on Sabbath or prayer meeting, session meeting, trustee meeting, congregation meeting, or any other meeting where the interests of the church are concerned. The San Jose church is one of the largest and most influential in the State. It has been favored with some very able and interesting pastors. Two, among the most gifted and lovely young men that ever proclaimed the love of Christ, died while pastors of this favored and prosperous church—young Martin and young Wiley.

Rev. W. W. Briar came across the Isthmus and reached San Francisco by steamer in the summer of '50, bringing his young wife with him. He was then young and strong, and is still strong. He was then possessed of uncommon energy, and is still possessed of uncommon energy. He organized the Presbyterian

church in Marysville, in the fall of '50. Mr. Briar's first sermon in Marysville was preached on the plaza standing in an old wagon.

Mr. A. D. Cutts was one of the original members of the church, and still lives, a strong, hale, hearty old man. All that can be said of the zeal, and faith, and earnest fidelity of Mr. Douglas, of San Jose, can be said of Mr. Cutts, of Marysville. He has labored, toiled and prayed, has given his money, time and strength, when nearly all others were ready to faint with discouragement. But he is now rewarded in seeing his church resting upon a basis that nothing, apparently, can move. His sons have risen up to take their father's place, and take part in the work of the Lord.

Nothing more cheers the heart of a pious parent than to see his children come into the fold of the Redeemer. This gratification is still enhanced if the children take a part in seeking the salvation of others.

There are many parents with hearts burdened with anxiety for the salvation of their children who, if they could see these children converted, would exclaim with good old Simeon, "Now, Lord, lettest thou thy servant depart in peace." The heart of an affectionate parent is made to bleed with sorrow when he sees his child un-

happy in this life. And when the prospect is that the child will be unhappy through eternity, the soul is filled with anguish.

Among the very best men whom a kind providence sent to this coast in early times, was Rev. Isaac Brayton. He was guileless as a child, tender and loving as a woman, yet manly as a king. He was a fine preacher. Superadded to his talents was ardent piety. This gave him great influence wherever he preached. His health was always delicate. Finding it necessary to desist from active labor in the pulpit, he established a school of high grade in Oakland. Here he exerted great influence for good among young men who gathered in great numbers to his institution.

When he died, several years ago, a light that had shone with great beauty and loveliness was lost to the Pacific Coast.

The only minister in Stockton when I landed there was Rev. James Corwin, of the Methodist Church. He was not, however, giving his entire attention to his calling at the time. Like his Master, he was a carpenter by trade. He was working for wages at twelve dollars a day. He was an excellent Christian, and in subsequent years received of his brethren the *soubri-*

quet of "Uncle Jimmy Corwin." A few years since, while traveling in his buggy after night, he upset his vehicle, broke his leg, and lay on the cold ground through the whole night until after sunrise the next morning. This was near the town of San Luis Obispo.

He was the regularly appointed minister in Stockton in '50, and after a short time he turned his mechanical and financial ability to the construction of a church edifice. In the latter part of the Summer it was dedicated. We were ahead of the Methodists for once. Our church was completed about five months previous to theirs. But they beat us in the church organization. I had arranged to organize the Presbyterian Church on the 17th of March. By some singular coincidence, Elder Isaac Owen came up from San Jose to organize the Methodist Church the same day. Learning that we were going to organize on Sabbath, Mr. Owen organized on Saturday and so beat us.

The successor of Mr. Corwin was Rev. Dr. Benson, the present editor of the California Christian Advocate. He was then young, without his D. D. But he was a fine scholar, and a very agreeable fellow-laborer in the Lord's vineyard. I remember meeting him on the street one day just previous to the expiration

of his allotted term. I told him I was sometimes glad when some minister's time was out. But I was sorry his time was about to expire.

As Stockton was my first field of labor in California, and where I held a longer pastorate than in any other place, and as it is a spot to which my heart has ever turned with tender reminiscences, the reader will excuse me if I tell him, that the two burial scenes which I am about to relate, did not occur in Stockton or the neighborhood.

I was called to a funeral in the country. The family had lived away from the refinements of cultivated society for quite a period, and become very careless of the common refinements of cultivated life. They yielded, as too many did, to the idea that it mattered but little how they lived while accumulating fortune. When they had acquired riches, they would give attention to the requirements of a more civilized life.

The house and everything in and around it was in the most primitive style. It would appear as though the cats, and dogs, and pigs, and goats all occupied the premises in common. The mother of the family had died and left a husband and six or seven children. The children

ranged in age from fourteen down to two. When the coffin was put in the wagon and the funeral procession about to start for the grave, the boy about twelve was missing. This caused delay, until he could be found and take his place as one of the mourners following his mother to her last resting-place on earth. After quite a search, he was found riding the mule to water. At the close of the religious services he thought to improve the time, and take the mule to the water, while they were putting the coffin in the wagon and getting ready to start.

The neighboring lady who found him on the mule said, "John! put that mule in the stable, and come to the house and follow your mother to the grave." John replied, with a long-drawn, drawling voice, "The mule is dry, and needs water." "But," said the lady, "some one else can water the mule—they are waiting for you, and you ought to show more respect for your mother." "Well, mother is dead, and it don't make no difference with her now, but it does with the mule." The lady, however, shamed him out of his persistence, and brought him back to the house to take his place in the funeral procession.

Another funeral scene came under my observation. Mr. Jones was a kind of general

dealer in the butcher business in the country. He might be called an itinerant meat merchant, retailing beef and pork and mutton. He would purchase an ox, or hog, or sheep, as the occasion demanded, take it home, slaughter it, then peddle it out through the neighborhood. He was one of those unfortunate men who had lost a great many wives. I am not aware whether he is the man of whom it is told that, having married his fourth wife, she one day, while cleaning out the rubbish from the garret, came across a board six or eight feet long. She could not divine what use that board had been put to. She was about to toss it out the window, when a boy of ten or twelve years who was assisting her exclaimed, "Oh, don't throw that board out. That is the board father lays his wives out on." Whether Mr. Jones was that man or not, I am not aware. But he had buried a good many wives. On the burial of this one, he put the coffin into his meat wagon, and took her to the grave. And then, to save time, he went round and took a live hog into his wagon, and carried it home to slaughter for the use of his customers next day.

A common and successful method of mining in the earliest years of California was to throw a dam across a river, turn it out of its

course, and then mine in the bed of the river, below the dam. In some instances vast treasures were obtained in this way, but in a great many attempts of the kind there was an entire failure.

A dam had been thrown across the Yuba River and quite a village had grown up around it. This village was called "Yuba Dam." This funeral scene was in that region of country. The anecdote has gone over the world that a stranger in traveling past this village asked a boy the name of it. And when the boy told him the name, he was greatly incensed, thinking the boy was cursing him. Whether that anecdote was fact or fiction, this funeral scene was serio-comic fact.

In one of our large towns there was a Mr. Dam. He was a very prominent member of a certain church. A lady, a member of the same church, at my house one day, was speaking somewhat severely of the troubles and difficulties in her church. She was on the opposite side of Mr. Dam. While animadverting somewhat sharply about events, she said, "The Dam party are—" I interrupted her immediately with the remark, "Excuse me, Madam, I cannot allow profanity in the presence of my family." She blushed deeply, and replied, "I have made

use of no profanity." "I beg your pardon, Madam, but you said 'the damn party are all against Mr. —.'" She broke into a hearty laugh, with the remark, "I meant Mr. Dam and his friends."

As the village "Yuba Dam" obtained its name from a mere local circumstance, so of many other singular names of villages and towns in California.

There is the town "You Bet." One man had his cabin here. He was in the habit of *trying* to give emphasis to nearly every expression by saying "You bet." At length he was titled "You Bet." His neighbors would say, "Let us go to 'You Bet's.'" The mine which he had located, proved very rich; a village grew up around it, and was named for him—"You Bet." It became quite a large town. At Washington City, on the list of post-offices in California is "You Bet."

Two miles from this place is another town, named "Red Dog." A lone miner, at first, lived here. He had one of the surliest, meanest, most hateful of dogs. The dog was red. People began to designate the man's cabin by his dog. Let us go to "Red Dog's." The mines

proved rich—a town grew up, and was called for the lone miner's dog—"Red Dog."

Names, however, did not always indicate the nature of the place. Some miners in prospecting, discovered grounds of extraordinary richness. Wishing to keep the matter secret, they thought to decoy people away from them, by giving the place the name of "Humbug Flat." But it was one of the richest diggings in the State.

Holden's Garden was another place of extraordinary richness. It was about a mile from Sonora. Holden discovered that the land was exceedingly rich in gold deposits, and sought to hold it all by putting an enclosure around it and planting it in vegetables as a garden for his hotel in Sonora. According to local laws made by miners themselves, each one could locate so many feet and no more. This was the law in the mining portion of the State, and no one could hold any more ground for any purpose. Holden was a large and very powerful man—a late soldier in the Mexican war. When in his hotel gamblers quarreled and drew their knives and pistols, he would walk directly to the aggressor, take him by the collar and march him to the door, or require good behavior. Every one supposed he would some

day be killed. He took up and held for a time, this rich spot of auriferous earth, and claimed it as his garden. The love of gold, the root of all evil, nerved him to the desperate daring of attempting to defend his claim. The love of gold, with others, nerved them also to seek the rich treasure to which they were entitled by the recognized laws of the mines.

Parties were formed. Holden martialed his clan. A regular battle was fought and several killed. Among Holden's men was a brave lad, who afterwards rose to fame in military life. But had he not fled in that battle and hid under a rock, he never would have obtained any future fame.

The result of the battle was, that the enclosure around the land was torn down; the vegetables destroyed, and the ground divided off into claims of regular legal dimensions, and held by those who had a legal title to them. A very large amount of gold was found upon this spot of land.

Rev. Wm. Spear had been a Missionary to China. His health failing, he returned to the United States, and was appointed on a mission to the Chinese in California. Though a Presbyterian clergyman, and sent here by the Presby-

terian Board of Missions, he was cordially welcomed by all denominations. He was a fine speaker, and his lectures on China and the Chinese awakened great interest. On a visit to San Francisco and a guest at his house, he asked me, on our way to his last lecture, how much I would give towards the erection of a mission house and chapel. I told him that if he would come to Stockton and give us some lectures on China, I thought we could raise five hundred dollars in our church.

This was the last lecture of the course. At its close, subscriptions for a mission house and chapel for the Chinese were called for. Responses were very prompt and liberal. Names and amounts were read out: James B. Roberts, five hundred dollars; H. Channing Beals, five hundred dollars; Redick McKee, five hundred dollars. A gentleman from the interior, five hundred dollars, and several others, five hundred dollars. For a moment I wondered who that gentleman from the interior could be, but thought no more of it until the next morning, when, in looking over the news in the morning paper, I read, "Rev. James Woods, of Stockton, gave five hundred dollars to the Chinese Mission last night." I told Mr. Spear that it was a pretty large amount for a poor preacher to give,

PACIFIC SCHOOL OF RELIGION

but if he would come to Stockton and give the people some lectures on China, we would see what could be done. In a few weeks he came and lectured, and we raised for him seven hundred and fifty dollars.

The effort to establish the Mission was a complete success. The solid and substantial structure on the corner of Stockton and Sacramento streets was soon erected, and the day of eternity alone will tell what its mighty results may yet be.

The American Tract Society, ever vigilant for new fields in which to extend its labors, sent Col. T. S. Nevins as their representative to the coast, early in '50. He had been a lawyer, but had retired from practice. He was a man about fifty, with a fine physique, and expressive countenance. A little spice of acerbity naturally belonged to him. Some one has said, "Every man has considerable human nature in him." Of course, Col. Nevins had his share; but grace had very much neutralized whatever of sourness seemed to belong to him. He came to Stockton, and, with a basket of tracts and small books, went through the streets to make what distribution he might. Of course, in those rough times, he met with some sneers and scoffs. Occasionally his natural

acerbity would rise up; the old lawyer would substitute the tract distributer, and return scorn for scorn. This, however, was very rare, for he was a true, earnest Christian, and did a noble work for the tract cause. He has long since gone to his reward. The Tract Society is now permanently established, and a power for good.

In the Summer of '50, a lad of eighteen or nineteen summers might have been seen walking the streets of Stockton. Though but a ruddy youth, his flashing eye, and expressive features, and compact form, and manly bearing, would attract the attention of any one who was an observer of mankind. Apparently with a very limited capital, he dealt at first in cigars, stationery, Yankee notions, jewelry, or whatever came to hand; but his course was always upward. He never indulged in evil habits; never went into loose company; always he seemed possessed of a calm consciousness of power. No one seemed to know his native country, his nationality, his friends or relatives. He seemed alone, yet acquainted and familiar with everybody, and at perfect ease in any presence. That boy developed into a man whose name is now known in every mart of commerce throughout the whole business world. He is

the author and executor of the most stupendous business enterprise ever inaugurated by man. The name of that lad was Adolph Sutro.

In the march of empire, the cabinets of rulers and the councils of nations may have conceived enterprises for the acquisition of territory as stupendous as his; but it may well be doubted whether in the field of commerce an individual ever formed the conception of so stupendous an enterprise as that of the Sutro Tunnel.

An idea of its magnitude may be formed by a quotation from the circular of the company: "The Sutro Tunnel Company, under a special act of Congress of the United States, has the following rights and privileges: The Company owns a tract of mineral land adjacent the Comstock lode, in the State of Nevada, being the very heart and center of the richest silver region in the world, seven miles in length by four thousand feet in width, embracing five thousand two hundred and eighty acres. Also a town site at the mouth of the tunnel, containing one thousand two hundred and eighty acres. The exclusive ownership of all mines discovered by the tunnel; a royalty forever of two dollars on each and every ton of ore extracted from any

part of the Comstock lode, and the right of the appropriation of all the waters carried off through the tunnel." The company's circular also says: "The tunnel is provided with a double track railroad, and with a ramified system of branches to be constructed in every direction, which will form a great highway under this argentiferous mountain range, furnishing extraordinary facilities for developing mines, cheap transportation, ventilation and drainage. It will eventually penetrate into the heart of Mt. Davidson, the center of this great silver region. Under the summit it will pass at a perpendicular depth of *three thousand four hundred and seventy-three feet.*" This circular was issued eight or nine years ago, and all its bright anticipations have thus far been fully realized. It is hard to tell whether Sutro was occupying the sublimest position when in his seclusion his brain was laboring with the lofty conception of this great enterprise, or when he was making his masterly speech before the people of Virginia City, September 20th, 1869. That speech, and one which he subsequently made before a committee of Congress, are enough to immortalize his name. These speeches would do honor to any senator, and be considered powerful and masterly efforts in any Congress.

If Adolph Sutro had addressed himself to statesmanship, those speeches indicate that he would have been in America what Disraeli is in Great Britain. Sutro is not an old man, and may yet occupy a prominent position in our national council.

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CHAPTER VII.

A Fire—A Sad Lunatic—The Gamblers Reading a Sermon—Two Ruined Young Men—Path of Peril—Path of Fortune—Masquerade Ball—The Unnecessary Fear—The Three Strangers—Mistaken as to Men—Bell Ringing for Church—Intimidation—Ghastly Deaths.

In May, '51, a whelming fire swept over Stockton and laid it in ashes. It commenced about midnight, and in two hours it had swept the city as a whirlwind sweeps away a gathered pile of Autumn leaves. Nearly all buildings then were constructed of upright boards lined with cloth and paper. The thin, dry boards and cotton and paper would flash up and burn

to ashes in an incredibly short time. Never was more vividly illustrated the Scripture, which declares that riches make to themselves wings and fly away. Vast wealth, on that night, was wafted into oblivion on the wings of flame. Many bright hopes were extinguished in that fire. Many who had been in debt in the East and had mortgaged the homestead to come to California, had been very fortunate. They had already accumulated nearly enough to return, pay off the old indebtedness, and have sufficient left for competency and comfort all their lives. But in two short hours they saw all these bright prospects blighted in ashes. While dreaming of home, and happy in the thought of a loving wife hanging upon his neck, and sweet children climbing upon his knee—sudden as the lightning flash, the shrill cry of "fire! fire!" breaks upon his dream, and the red glare of burning flame blazes in upon his bed. He rushes to the street to see his accumulated fortune enwrapt in the winding sheet of surging flame. How whelming this, to the heart beating high with the glad anticipation of soon returning home with wealth to put him in affluent circumstances all the remainder of his life—the very plan of the new house formed; the outgrounds laid out; the flowers

blooming and birds singing; with bright and sunny skies pouring beauty and loveliness all around him; when lo! a storm-cloud bursts upon him, and all is swept away in gloom and darkness. But some, indeed the majority, as soon as the blast of the storm that bowed them into the dust had passed, arose, and, standing erect and brave, girded themselves afresh for the battle before them. Scarce had the smoke of the dying embers ceased to ascend, till new buildings were rising on the smoldering ruins. The rattling of hammers, the grating of saws, the sounding of planes, created music which made the heart again dance with gladdening hope. They nerved themselves to the faith, that the beautiful picture which had faded out in the fire would again glow more beautiful than ever. Such were most of the men of '49.

But while most of those who were whelmed by the fire, rose from the dust into which they were swept, others were broken-hearted and never recuperated. Disappointed and discouraged, they gave way to gloom and despair. One man, I remember, became so depressed that friends began to raise money to send him home; but his gloom increased till his mind became so impaired that he had to be cared for in the Lunatic Asylum. Not unfrequently in early

times did the shock of excitement throw the mind from its balance. Delicately-constituted natures would be shocked by the sudden falling of some thunderbolt which would shatter all in ruin.

A man came down from Oregon. He had become involved in harassing debt. He mortgaged his farm and left his family almost in destitution. He went to the mines and toiled long, long, weary months, but with no success. Letters came from his family, dilating upon hardship and telling of sickness. The period for foreclosing the mortgage was drawing near. Still, with untiring, unfaltering energy, he toiled on and on, day after day, and week after week, but with no success. At last his physical strength began to give way. One day his mining companions left him digging for gold near a tree. When they returned, he was sitting on the roots of the tree, playing with a nugget of gold as large as his two fists—a perfect idiot. The shock of excitement caused by finding that lump of gold shattered his mind from its balance, and he never recovered. He died not long after.

The next Sabbath after the fire in Stockton I deemed it proper to seek to improve the occasion by preaching upon the subject of the

fire. One of the editors of one of the dailies was present, and asked for a copy of the sermon to publish in his paper. A day or two after I was passing along the street, and came upon a knot of gamblers upon the sidewalk. One was reading to the others from a newspaper. It occurred to me that as I passed, some of them glanced at me with a queer expression of countenance. I learned subsequently that one of the gamblers was reading my sermon to the others. They did not seem to be reading and listening in derision, but in solid earnestness. What part he was reading, or whether he read it all, I am not aware. But in reading, he would come across these utterances: "Has not the Holy Sabbath, which God himself instituted, and commanded that it be remembered and kept holy, and the violation of which he has threatened to punish with heavy judgments, been boldly and fearlessly desecrated in our midst! Has it not been a day of *more* dissipation and festivity and iniquity than other days! Has it not been a day on whose hallowed hours have broken the voluptuous strains of wanton music, accompanied by the most revolting forms of the dance—and a day whose holy evenings have been desecrated by exhibitions of the most indecent and revolting character?

What else could we expect, then, but that God would bring upon us some whelming calamity." "Has not profanity—deep-toned, bitter, intense, heaven-imprecating and God-defying profanity—prevailed among us to an extent sufficient almost to alarm a demon from the bottomless pit! What ear has not been pained, what heart has not been distressed, what sensibilities have not been shocked, by volley after volley of horrid oaths and brimstone-breathing blasphemies that have been daily uttered in our streets? Man—created in the image of his Maker—gifted with an immortal mind—capable of indescribable bliss, or untold misery—destined to an eternity of joy or sorrow—and yet calling upon God to curse his heart and damn his soul. Oh, it is enough to make a fiend from the bottomless pit tremble and shudder. And could all the imprecations and oaths uttered in California in one month be combined together in one volume of sound, it would cause a peal of thunder, whose reverberations would make perdition tremble to its lowest depths. And as its echoes broke over the earth, panic would seize upon every heart, for they would suppose some mighty tornado of the bottomless pit had broken loose from its limits and was rolling over the earth to herald the coming of the angel of eter-

nal death. This heaven-defying profanity has prevailed in our midst in a most frightful manner. And a holy God will not allow our horrible blasphemies to go unpunished. This conflagration of our city should remind us of the last great conflagration of a burning world. There, we shall all be interested spectators. If, when a small city is on fire, there is so much of alarm and distress, what scenes of awful terror will *then* overwhelm the hearts of the wicked. When all the lofty mountains, the Alps and Appenines, Himalayas and Andes, and yonder snowy height, changed by the mysterious power of God into burning material, shall all be on fire, and all throw their wild flames upon the arching sky, oh, what horror will seize upon the wicked, then. The vast ocean, like one mighty reservoir of burning oil, will be on fire, and roll its billowy flames higher than the loftiest mountain's utmost top. While the angel of destruction, with a scream of horror loud as the bursting thunders of a crumbling universe, will sweep across the earth from east to west, and north to south; and at his approach, thrones and towers, and monuments, and palaces and castles will all crush and crumble into dust and ashes. Cities, kingdoms and empires will vanish, and the whole earth be doomed. The aw-

ful scene will be rendered the more ghastly by the lightnings that will flash with infinite intensity from the angry eye of Jehovah. The poor unpardoned sinner, hopeless, helpless, houseless, will have no place of refuge then. He rejected Christ, and now stands exposed to the wrath of the Lamb. He scorned away the day of grace, and now nothing awaits him but despair. Islands and continents are on fire, and the world is fast crumbling into nothingness. One vast, overwhelming deluge of fire rolls its devastating flames from pole to pole, and this solid earth becomes a shoreless ocean of liquid fire. The Bible declares, the elements shall melt with fervent heat and the heavens and earth shall pass away with a great noise. Let ust hen, fellow-travelers to eternity, accept of Christ as our Saviour, and obtain forgiveness of sin and eternal life."

Such were portions of the sermon one gambler was reading to the others on the sidewalk. They seemed solemn, and I did not know what he was reading when I passed.

Twenty years after I met one of these gamblers on a steamboat. He was now advanced in life and in poor health. I had had a street acquaintance with him in Stockton, for I never hesitate to make acquaintance with a fellow-

traveler to eternity. After passing the compliments of the day, supposing the company of a minister would be unacceptable, I retired to another part of the cabin. Soon he came and seated himself beside me. Supposing by this, that, as he was in poor health, he would like to converse upon the subject of religion, I commenced to argue that the Bible was a revelation from God. He immediately stopped me, saying, "Mr. Woods, I believe the Bible just as much as you do; and furthermore," said he, "all these roughs believe it. They calculate to repent after a time, and lead a better life. Not many of them, perhaps, ever will repent, but that is their present intention. For they all believe the Bible." I then had a serious conversation with him upon the interest of the soul, and Christ's atonement for sin. I finally concluded the interview by saying, "Col., when leaving home this morning, I saw lying upon my study table a tract, entitled, 'Come to Jesus.' It occurred to me that I might see some one today to whom I might wish to give it; so I put it in my pocket, and I guess you are the one for whom it was designed, if you will accept it." He very cordially accepted it, and promised to read it carefully. About three months subsequently I visited him at his own home in San

Francisco. He was lying upon the bed of his last sickness. He had sought and found the Saviour, united with the church, partaken of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper, and was waiting in hope and peace for the coming of the Lord to take him to that world where there is no more sin or sorrow.

But, as a rule, a professional gambler very seldom repents and leads a renewed and religious life. When he commences that course of life, he enters a pathway of increasing declivity, filled with slippery rocks, frightful chasms and terrible pitfalls. Every step he takes, the declivity becomes steeper, the rocks more slippery, the pitfalls more frightful, and at some unexpected moment his feet slide from beneath him, and, with a wild scream of horror, he disappears forever.

In early times in California, it was not unfrequent to see a young man fresh from his Eastern home; the dew of youth yet upon him; the freshness and loveliness of youthful virtue upon his heart; temperate, moral, upright; with the instructions of a pious mother fresh in his memory. At first he would be respectful to religion, and attend the house of God upon the Sabbath .But by degrees, yielding to temptation, he has been enticed away from all

these. He forgot the house of God; tasted lightly at first of the wine cup, then took deeper draughts. He has learned to play cards, at first for sport, then for cigars, then for a small sum, then for a larger stake. He has learned to curse and blaspheme, and get drunk. He has gone on, step by step, on the dark, downward path of iniquity, until he has unblushingly thrown off every disguise and shamelessly plunged into every form of depravity and dissipation, and gone down to an early and dishonored grave.

I once heard two young men of this class talking over what they considered their smartness. One said: "When I was at home in the East, I used to go to church; but I was green then." The other was standing with a glass of brandy in his hand. His eyes were bloodshot; his cheeks bloated; his tongue so swollen that with difficulty it could be made do its office. At length he succeeded in stammering out—"When I was at home in the States, *I used to be a cold-water man.*" Both these young men, like a rock let loose upon the mountain side, rushed with an increasing and terrible celerity down the path of ruin. They were caught up in the bosom of a whirlwind, which dashed them

down upon the rocks and left them bleeding in the agony of death.

When young men began to yield to temptation, they were soon led along a death-leading pathway, which ended in ruin and wretchedness. Some escaped the snare and returned to the pathway of uprightness, but most, when they commenced the downward path, landed in asylums and alms-houses; and a yet larger proportion in the grave.

The young man who indulges in his glass of brandy, his evil passions, his game of cards for money, has his tiny bark already gliding upon the dancing waters just above a terrible cataract, over which he is liable to dash at any moment. Already the fiends of the bottomless pit are commencing that malignant smile with which they will hail them to their own dark abode. Every glass they drink, they are adding another link to that chain that will bind them in fetters of steel and hand them over to hopeless, helpless despair. Every card they throw, they are adding another rock to the circular wall which they are building around them, and at some unpropitious moment they will lift the keystone to its arch—and there they are self-incarcerated in the prison of helpless gloom. Let the young man pursue the path of industry

and integrity, and persevere in the ways of uprightness with zeal and energy, and probably there is no country in the world so full of promise as California. Let young men take for their guiding star that beautiful gem of poetry—

"Courage, brother, do not stumble,
Though thy path be dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
Trust in God and do the right.

"Though the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight—
Foot it bravely, strong or weary,
Trust in God and do the right."

Let the youth whose heart pants for high places of trust and honor take the sentiment of this poetry for his guiding motto, and he may reasonably expect to achieve high and honorable position. Many who came here in their youth in early times now occupy the very highest places of social and business life. Some are leading lawyers; some, distinguished physicians; some, merchant princes; some, bankers; some, capitalists. In every department of industrial life are leaders who came here as mere youthful adventurers. By industry, integrity, and persevering energy they have achieved fortune and fame. True, some have acquired fortune, but, instead of fame, are branded with infamy. They are like a person who had stolen a

diamond and bound it upon his brow. For, while the diamond blazed in beauty, it proclaimed the fact that the wearer was a felon. But while this may be the case with a few, there are many who have achieved lofty positions among the distinguished of earth.

Sometimes it required some firmness of nerve and faith for a watchman upon the walls of Zion to sound the alarm of approaching battle from the devil. It was in the summer of '50 that a masquerade ball was inaugurated in Stockton, and to come off on Sabbath evening. Placards were posted up all around the city, advertising it. At the Sabbath morning services I read the Ten Commandments, and took occasion to speak in somewhat earnest strains upon the sin of Sabbath-breaking; making a slight reference to the handbills scattered over town announcing the masquerade ball on Sunday night. Supposing the ball would not be attended at such a time only by the lowest and wickedest, who seldom or never attended church, I did not deem it necessary to animadvert with any degree of severity upon those who were not present. But, to my surprise and grief, when the daily paper came out next morning it was filled with a glowing account of the splendid ball on Sunday evening. The

most flattering eulogiums were pronounced upon the high officials who had graced the occasion with their presence. Those Generals, Governors and Judges who had taken a part, had contributed greatly to the charm of the entertainment. The paper stated that the Mayor of the city was there; ex-Gov. E.— was there; Gen. B.— was there. In fact, the editor gave quite a list of Judges, Generals, Colonels, Captains, and high officials generally, who contributed to make this masquerade ball on Sabbath evening a very splendid affair. Immediately the conviction fastened itself upon my mind that it was my duty, as the watchman upon the walls of Zion, to rebuke this bold defiance of the law of God, and the insult to the moral sentiments of the religious portion of the community. But in what way and in what place should I administer the rebuke? Should I do it through the press or in the pulpit? The pulpit was God's appointed place for His ambassadors "to reprove, rebuke, exhort." And when God's ambassadors are in the place where He puts them, they are safe, if faithful in their duties: so that, if as a result of doing their duty, Satan open upon them the thunders of his artillery, they may know that God will shelter them. So I decided that, come what would,

I would administer a rebuke on the next Sabbath. But the suggestion would arise: these men are in high stations; they are men of high spirit; they will not tamely brook public reproof. To all this, conscience would reply, it is your duty. It is better that men should break your head for doing your duty, than God should break your heart for neglecting it. I was burdened with two great fears, the fear of man and the fear of God. But the fear of God prevailed. On the next Sabbath morning, toward the close of the sermon, I introduced the subject of the masquerade ball. I first repeated what the daily paper had said. Then I directed the heaviest artillery I could command, at the editor. It so happened that he was an Englishman, and had come to California by way of Sydney. It also happened that I had come from the extreme frontiers of the South, having resided for years in Florida on the Suwanee river, where, thirty years ago, many rough scenes were enacted. This lent me aid. After dilating upon the duty of the press to do all in its power for the improvement of public morals—and especially in the formation of society in a new country, should the press seek to lay the foundations in morality—I stated that in all my experience and observation in the ex-

treme frontiers of the United States, where everything was new and often rough, I had never known an American editor guilty of such an unblushing prostitution of the press as to speak in terms of favor and praise of such a horrible desecration of God's Holy Sabbath, as holding a masquerade ball on the Holy Sabbath evening. I then turned my attention to the Mayor, Governor and General. I spoke of the temptations to which young men were exposed when far away from their former happy homes. I dilated upon the duty of those in authority and in high places to seek the protection of the young, and do all in their power, *by example*, to try to draw young men away from the snares everywhere spread for their ruin. And for the Mayor of a city, a Governor of a State, and a General of an army, to set such a wicked example as attending a masquerade ball on God's Holy Sabbath, would, as sure as there was a God of Holiness upon a throne of glory, bring down Heaven's blight upon their souls, unless they should repent and obtain forgiveness. And when they should come to stand before the judgment bar, they would look back with loathing and abhorrence upon the wretched and miserable example which they set these young men by their wickedness in attending

this masquerade ball on that Holy Sabbath day. One of the party who were rebuked was present, and reported it to the others. On the next day, while passing along the street, I saw the editor coming from the opposite direction. The immediate suggestion of my mind was, now, old head (or, young head it was then), look out for a breaking. As the editor approached, just before meeting me, he lifted his hat with as polite a bow as I ever received. Such was the first greeting, also, of each of the others. They always treated me with the most considerate politeness. Now, at the expiration of twenty-five years, I meet with one of them who is as cordial a friend as I could ever ask for. The instructions to ministers are, "to reprove, rebuke, exhort," and in the discharge of this duty, which occurs in our country but very seldom, the preacher, if he avoid offensive epithets, has nothing to fear.

It was on the Sabbath subsequent to this, that three remarkably fine looking men walked into the church together. They were not men of sufficient age to have applied to them the term, venerable. They were evidently about in the mid years of life. But their tall stature, their austere bearing, their almost majestic dignity, all indicated that they were not common

men, nor on a common errand. True, we cannot always judge correctly by appearances. I remember that, Sunday after Sunday, when the mass of the people in church were strangers, a man came into the congregation whom I assuredly thought a member of Congress, a judge, a distinguished lawyer, or an official in some high place. I had often made inquiry, but failed to ascertain who he was. I had also noticed in the newspaper a singular advertisement of an artist of the tonsorial class. After a time I learned that my supposed Congressman was a barber. On another occasion and at another town, I observed a truly venerable and dignified man at the table at the hotel. He was a large, portly man, of commanding appearance, and expressive countenance. His dress was plain; but nearly every one dressed plain. My curiosity was greatly awakened to learn who it could be. I had seen him many times, but never except at the table at the hotel. I had inquired of others, but no one could recognize him by my description. Weeks had passed, and still my curiosity was ungratified. At length, determined, one day at dinner, to find him out, I called the waiter to me and said, "Mike, who is that large man sitting alone at the table on the other side of the room?" Mike

replied, "That is the hotel porter." But it did not, in the early years of California life, follow, because a man was in some menial capacity, he therefore had never before, nor would ever after, occupy some distinguished place. A learned lawyer was sometimes a cook; a learned doctor, a waiter in a restaurant. These things did not last long. But a man of spirit and integrity, rather than loaf on his friends, would do anything honest, until some opening in his own calling would occur. I know an active lawyer in San Francisco who once cut hoop-poles and floated them down a river with a skiff, rather than throw himself upon the charities of those who would readily have assisted him.

But these three men who came into church on that Sabbath could not be mistaken for barbers or hotel porters. Had they been of dark, swarthy complexion, they might have been taken for Indian chiefs, And *they were* Indian agents. Col. Redick McKee, Col. Barbour, and Dr. Wozencraft. I suppose the President thought, and probably thought correctly, that the Indians would respect commanding, physical bearing, as well as superior intellectual ability, and hence his selection of these men of majestic appearance. At the close of the ser-

vices Col. McKee came forward and introduced himself and his companions. He told me at once their mission to California. I invited them home with me. Col. McKee accepted the invitation, the others went to their hotel. I found the Colonel a professor of religion, and an elder in the Presbyterian Church. He laid his plans, as Indian agent, before me, and I was greatly pleased that he manifested such a desire for the moral improvement of the Indians as well as the improvement of their natural condition. What success attended their mission as Indian agents I am not able to say. Their official relations to the Government ceased after a time, and they engaged in their respective callings. Col. McKee is still a citizen of San Francisco and an elder in the Presbyterian Church, but spends much of his time in Washington.

It was during this Summer that I paid a visit to Sonora, to spend the Sabbath. It was then a large, prosperous town. The population was probably four or five thousand. On Sunday the miners came in for their supplies for the following week, and every street was thronged. My errand was to preach on the Sabbath. It was the first time any regular minister had attempted to hold religious services.

Soon after my arrival on Saturday, I started out in quest of a place to hold the meeting. It was difficult to find one deemed suitable. I suggested the Empire Hall. This was a large building with two stories. The lower floor was devoted to gambling, the upper story to theatrical exhibitions, fandangoes, or any public gatherings for which it might be sought. But those to whom I suggested the hall, replied that it would be a very inappropriate place. The lower story, they said, would be filled with gamblers carrying on their games on Sundays as on other days. Drinking saloons were all around, and there would be drinking and gambling on every hand. I replied, "That is the very place I want. I want to lift up the banner of salvation in the heart of Satan's Empire. I want to throw the light of the gospel into the darkest places of the earth." So we procured the hall for the morning, but could not get it for the evening, because it had been secured by a theatrical troupe. It was now late Saturday afternoon. How could we get a general notice circulated. The people of this world are wiser in their day and generation than the children of light, so we borrowed their wisdom. On Sunday morning we wrote a notice, "There will be preaching to-day in the Empire Hall, at eleven

o'clock, by Rev. James Woods, of Stockton." This notice we put into one hand of a colored man, and a bell in the other hand, and started him through the streets. As he passed along ringing the bell and holding up the paper, people would stop him and read. Some would laugh, some would blaspheme, and some thank God for the opportunity of again hearing the gospel preached. At the appointed time, the crowd came streaming in until the hall was filled to overflowing. The gamblers on the lower floor left their cards, and came up stairs, to listen to preaching once more. We had good singing, and as quiet and attentive an audience as ever gathered in a church among puritans or anywhere else. After the sermon, a man came to me and whispered to know if there would be any objection to taking up a collection. Being answered in the negative, he remarked to the audience, that he thought they ought to take up a little collection to pay Mr. Woods' expenses. So he passed the hat with a result of forty-two dollars. Such was Californian liberality in early times. My expenses were light, for I traveled with my own conveyance. The hall was kindly donated. Hence I had a bountiful surplus after all expenses were paid.

I rarely had a more pleasant excursion than this to Sonora in the Summer of '50. But in my long career of preaching, of now near forty years, the only attempt ever made to intimidate me from it was on this occasion. An ex-sea-captain, with a woman to whom he said he was married, had inaugurated peripatetic theatricals, and were about making their debut in the Empire hall in the evening of the day on which I was to preach. Whether he supposed the morning exercises would diminish his evening audience I do not know. But he was very averse to my using the hall in the morning. He came to my room and seemed *to want* to be quite belligerent. He was an Englishman, and of fresh importation via Sydney. As my ancestors had twice whipped his, I was not frightened. Besides I could see that though war was on his tongue, it was *not* in his eye. At length he remarked, that some of the people in Sonora said that no minister should preach there. I knew in a moment that this was a falsehood—a mere fabrication of his own; for I knew that not a town existed from Maine to Mexico, or from the Atlantic to the Pacific, where the citizens would do so cowardly an act as to attempt to prevent any respectable minister from preaching the gospel. Hence I knew

his statement was false, and he an arrant coward for making such a statement. So I quietly remarked to him that if there were any persons there who wished to try that game, I was just the man upon whom to try it. I had lived in California just long enough, and had just friends enough, to be the very man to try that game upon. He uttered not a syllable, but went immediately away, and I saw him no more. In less than an hour I was preaching to a large attentive congregation. And I verily believe had I gone immediately to that gambling hall, and reported to them that an English ex-sea-captain, who came to California by way of Sydney, had attempted to intimidate me from preaching, they would have hustled him out of town.

From what I have said about this sea-captain and those officials who went to the masquerade ball on Sunday night, I do not wish to have it understood that I consider myself very brave. On the contrary, I am a great coward. I have "been in bondage through fear all my life." But with me it is fear of the greatest danger I feel it to be an infinitely greater danger to offend God than to offend man. I feared the danger of offending those high officials with a

public reproof; but I feared the infinitely greater danger of offending God by refusing to do my duty. As to the English ex-sea-captain, I did not consider there was the slightest danger in his case.

On this Sabbath night three men were killed in Sonora. Bill Ford, as he was called, was a fierce desperado. From what region he came I am not aware. Forty years ago I knew a young man expelled from a New England college. When asked, by his companions, where he was going, his reply was, "I am going to cut my way to hell through Texas." Whether this was the man, I cannot say; but with a terrible intensity of desperation he cut his way with his flashing bowie wherever he went. Such characters are certain to meet, sooner or later, their just retribution. In the directions of His Providence, God orders that desperado meet desperado, and the violent man dies at the hands of violence. "The wicked and bloody man shall not live out half his days." This was often illustrated in early times. More recently two men of this class met in an altercation. Both drew their pistols and fired simultaneously, and both fell. They were not killed but disabled. They crawled towards each other and again fired simultaneously, and both sunk down dead almost in each other's embrace.

Bill Ford, on the evening of the day I preached, sought and found a quarrel. Not employing the bowie knife or pistol this time, he used his teeth. Throwing his strong arms around his antagonist and drawing him to his bosom, he put his mouth to the mouth of his foe, and bit off his upper lip and spit it on the ground. The lipless man, after the surgeon had sewed on his lip and bound up his wounds, obtained a pistol, and, with friends, found Bill Ford and shot him dead. In the general row that followed two others were killed. Three ghastly corpses lay stretched together in the sleep of death, all perished by the hand of violence. I saw them laid out side by side, the next morning. They were all young men. How different their fate from what it might have been had they chosen the path of industrious, virtuous life, instead of the path of vice. To me the most terrible thought in connection with such death, is the meeting of these souls on the other side of the dark river. Burning with hate and revenge as they leave this world, they meet with the same revenge and hate in the world of doom. And the thought that this hate and revenge will continue on, increasing in power and malignity through eternity, is enough to make an angel shudder. This thought

should cause every one, while in life and strength, to seek "the blood of Christ which cleanseth us from all sin."

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CHAPTER VIII.

THE SNAKE—THE INEBRIATE IN CHURCH—INTEMPERANCE—PREACHING PLACES—THE DISTRESSED YOUNG MAN—THE TARES—PREACHERS MISREPRESENTED—THE LAWYER SINGING—A SUPPORTER OF PREACHERS.

On one occasion I went quite a distance into the country to hold service on the Sabbath. The original plan was to have preaching in a school-house; but the assembly was larger than was anticipated, and could not get into the school-house. We adjourned to a shady grove of large oaks. Seats were extemporized for the ladies, while the men seated themselves upon fallen logs, stumps of trees, wagon seats or whatever would afford a resting-place. Many were reclining upon the ground. The floor of my pulpit was the solid earth, covered with a carpet of beautiful green grass. The ceiling

over my head was the waving foliage of a lofty oak, while the trunk of the tree was the column against which I could lean for support. It was early Autumn, and the day was beautiful. The skies were bright, the breezes bland, the sunshine genial, and the broad oaks afforded a cool and ample shade. In this grand temple of nature, God seemed to be with us. The songs of sacred melody were sung as though coming from hearts filled with love, joy, and peace. The singing of birds mingled in with the melody of human voices, and all nature seemed to join in the chorus of divine praise. From the altar of many hearts arose the incense of loving worship. The subject of my discourse was "Heaven." Before my theme had reached the golden portals, with the gates ajar to receive the good of earth into the city of glory, and right in the midst of a description of the dawnings of immortality, a wild scream arose in the midst of the ladies, and there was a running and scattering in all directions in wild dismay and terror. If Satan had risen up from the ground beneath them, there could hardly have been a wilder scene of confusion. And, indeed, a symbol of Satan had suddenly made his appearance. A huge snake had glided into their midst. If people would always flee from

Satan and his works as these ladies did from his symbol, we should have a much better world than the present. The men, obedient to the command and in fulfillment of the promise that "the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head," rushed upon the snake and killed it, and carried it out of the camp. Order was soon restored, and all were again ready to listen to the continuance of the sermon. But the scene afforded a fine occasion of showing the terrible disorder, and woe, and wretchedness, which the serpent of sin had introduced into the world. When in the Garden of Eden, our first parents were pure and holy and happy, and were surrounded by scenes infinitely more beautiful than those by which we are now surrounded, with brighter skies and cooler shades, and lovelier bowers; their happy hearts in sweet unison with the choral songs of angels echoing through the vaulted skies. In the midst of these lovely scenes, Satan, in the guise of a serpent, had thrown everything into confusion and dismay, as this serpent had done here. The breath of that serpent in the Garden of Paradise, as if impregnated with the fires of perdition from which he had come, had breathed a blasting blight upon all the bloom and beauty of earth. And over all, and above all, and

worse than all, it had blighted the moral loveliness and spiritual beauty of the soul of Adam and Eve. And now all the woe and sorrow and wretchedness of earth was the result. Every scream of terror; every agony of pain; every glitter of the assassin's knife; every crack of the murderer's pistol; every flash of the warrior's sword; every widow's sigh and orphan's tear, and death-bed groan, is the result of the entrance of the serpent into the Garden of Eden.

Sin is the cause of all the woe which has ever existed. It has filled the earth with sighs, and watered it with tears, and deluged it in blood. There is nothing of all that is deeply malignant, or darkly depraved, or bloodily murderous, that did not have its origin in sin. Could sin be presented in a tangible form, and rendered visible to the view, it would be seen to be a huge and hideous monster—loathsome, ghastly and deformed—moving dark, mysterious and horrible in all directions, leaving woe and sorrow and blood everywhere in its path. Upon every form of beauty it would enstamp the impress of ugliness. In every circle of happiness it would throw the dregs of sorrow. In every heart of love it would infuse the deadly poison of hate. It was sin that murdered the eternal Son of God; sends the deathless soul to end-

less torment; enkindled those fires whose lurid glare will eternally flash across the gloom of the bottomless pit; and over the hoarse roar of the terrible storm that will beat upon the abodes of the lost will be heard, in voice of deafening thunder, Sin! Sin! Sin! Had it the power, it would envelope this beautiful earth in the brimstone fires of hell, and spread the loathsome festerings of death over all the infinite glories of heaven. It would tear down the eternal throne of God, and degrade the infinite Jehovah himself into a sinful vassalage, and spread a stagnant sea of death over infinite immensity. And this sin clings like grappling steel to every human heart. It will fester in the soul as long as eternity lasts, *unless* the soul becomes released from its power and defilement. But mighty as is its power, there is a power yet mightier. It is the power of God's love. "God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." Defiling to the soul as sin is, there is a remedy mightier in all its cleansing efficacy than aught else in the universe. It is the atoning blood of the Lamb of God. "The blood of Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin." And the soul, purified from sin

by the blood of Christ, has a destiny before it loftier than the tallest archangel of heaven can form any conception of. Clothed eventually with an angel's powers, it will soar and stand on the heights of immortal glory, and range from world to world, and pursue its burning path from star to star, visiting the myriads upon myriads of great worlds that are scattered over infinite immensity.

On one other occasion besides the one of our meeting in the shady grove did Satan invade our religious services, and cause confusion. This time it was in a church. A man, whose wife was a member of the church, was in the habit of coming with her frequently. At times he was intemperate. One Sabbath I noticed, before going in, that he was quite under the influence of strong drink. But it did not occur to me there would be the slightest interruption in the services. I was well acquainted with him, and did not dream but that he would remain perfectly quiet. It did occur to me that I was glad his wife was not at church that day. For she was a truly pious woman, and I would have been sorry to witness her mortification. I thought, perhaps he will get to sleep, but nothing more. He remained perfectly quiet and apparently attentive until I

got into the midst of my discourse. My subject was, "The love of Christ for sinners." My effort was to show, that it was the great love of Christ which caused Him to submit to his dreadful sufferings and death in rendering an atonement for the sins of a lost world. When enlarging upon the agony of the Redeemer in receiving the punishment for our sins, this man arose, and in tones of apparent intense sadness, said, "Mr. Woods, I can't stand that! I can't stand that!" Immediately two men went to him, and I sat down. But I saw that they would not, without force, succeed in getting him to leave the church. In that event there would be a scene. So I stepped down from the pulpit, walked to the man, took him by the hand, and said, "Mr. —— let us go into the vestibule." Without the slightest hesitation, he took my hand and accompanied me to the vestibule, where a couple of men took charge of him. I went back to the pulpit to resume my discourse. It was surprising how little confusion was produced by this event. No one left their seats except the two men who tried to induce him to leave. Not a word was spoken; and everything was as quiet as though there had been no interruption of the sermon. But, as when the serpent interrupted our services under the broad and

shady oaks, I took occasion to improve the event by attempting to show what the serpent of sin had done in the world, so now I took occasion to refer to the dreadful evils of intemperance.

Perhaps the most pitiable object of wretchedness on the face of the earth is the man bound fast to the car of drunkenness. He knows that he is degraded and disgraced. He is aware that he is filling the hearts of his friends and kindred with sorrow. If he has a mother living, he is causing her to drink wormwood and gall, and making the scalding tears burn on her fevered cheek, and bringing down her gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. If he has a wife, he is making her heart bleed in agony. He recalls the time when in her bloom and beauty he led her to the bridal altar, and, while her heart was dancing with joy, he promised to love and protect her and labor to make her happy. Now he is dragging her with him into the lowest depths of wretchedness. He sees before him a gaping grave, above him an angry God, and beneath him a yawning hell; and yet he is driven on by the fierceness of a whirlwind storm of passion, which pours down a burning torrent of fire upon his shrinking bosom. And this fire, created by his own past indulgence, fed and

nourished by a willful and persevering habit of strong drink, now burns with a sharp and terrible fierceness, and he feels as though a living vampire was gnawing upon his stomach. And in the madness of his anguish, in the burning power of his terrible thirst, he shuts his eyes to the future, puts the bottle again to his throat, and adds fuel to the fires which are already consuming him. Soon he is overwhelmed in stupidity, and sinks back in sleep, and Satan and the fiends of hell dance around him with horrid joy. If there is an object of wretchedness that would move and melt a heart of marble, and make angels weep tears of blood, it must be this wretched man, bound fast to the burning car of inebriation. It has taken the sparkle of intellect from his eye, breathed its scorching fires over his cheek, taken strength from his arm, and manliness from his form, and independence from his spirit.

In the early years of California, I have preached in all sorts of places, and to all classes of people. I have preached in churches, schoolhouses, theaters, halls, gambling saloons, drinking saloons, and twice have preached funeral sermons in houses of ill-fame; and never have I seen any disturbance beside the one above related except once. On one other occasion, a

man, whom I afterwards learned was partially intoxicated, responded "Amen" two or three times while I was reading the scriptures. I should have thought nothing of this had his "Amen" come in at the right place. Still, I thought he might not know the meaning of the word, and hence make mistakes as to the proper place to use it. I knew an old colored woman who thought "Amen" was simply an expression of joy. She was not aware that its meaning was "so may it be." Whenever she got happy in the meetings of the colored people, she would sing out at the top of her voice, "Amen." One day an acquaintance who had been very wicked became very penitent. He rose to his feet and expressed his feelings very strongly, saying, "I feel that I am going to hell." "Amen," screamed the old woman, at the very top of her voice. So I thought that, perhaps, this man did not understand the meaning of the word when he made his responses to the scripture readings; and not knowing that he was intoxicated, I thought nothing of it. At the close of the sermon he spoke again, and said "Mr. Woods, must I give ten dollars for that sermon." I replied, "You must remain quiet in church, sir." After a little time he repeated the question, and I also repeated that he must keep

quiet or leave the church. He then said, "Must I leave the church?" I replied, "Yes, sir; unless you remain perfectly quiet." He took his hat and walked quietly out, and I saw him no more.

Ned S—— was a hot-headed fiery-blooded young Mississippian. His father was a jurist of distinguished position, and his family of the highest respectability. From some cause, Ned showed me great friendship, and often attended church. Owing to a combination of extravagant ideas of chivalry and hot blood, he could not, and would not, brook an affront. If anything offensive crossed his path, it was a word and a blow; sometimes a blow and a word. On one occasion he was passing along the street with a lady's riding whip of delicate, tasty style. Some one said to him, "Where are you going, Ned?" "To administer discipline," was his reply. He walked into a store and inflicted chastisement upon a merchant who had spoken of him in terms of degrading disparagement. One day he came to my house with the most distressed countenance I had ever witnessed. He was pale and weak. His emotion was such that he could scarcely make utterance of speech. When he became a little composed, he expressed a wish that I would attend the fu-

neral of a young friend of his. I knew the young man who was dead. I had ridden with him, in good health, in a funeral procession a few days before. He informed me that he was a native of Texas. This was a quarter of a century ago, and the young man was twenty-two. As I had never met an American who was a native of Texas, I felt much interest in him. He was, besides, very pleasant and agreeable. Ned and he were intimate, bosom friends. As it not unfrequently happened, Ned got into a fight, and the young man, in attempting to interpose in his behalf, had been killed. The funeral services were in a large vacant warehouse. A great number of young men of the same class were present. I took for my text, "Wisdom's ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace." And if my discourse was in harmony with my feelings, I don't think I ever preached a more earnest sermon. A great change came over Ned. I never heard of his having another personal altercation. Nor do I know what became of him. He was a youth of whom you would say, he will make something or nothing. There will be no half work with him. And there were many such here in early years. I recall a youth who one night went into a saloon lighted with a large, fine

glass chandelier. He drew his pistol, fired at it and shattered it in pieces. He afterwards reformed, has held with credit a high State office, and is now a man with gray hairs, of high respectability. But as a rule, the way the twig *was* bent, the tree *is* inclined.

Probably the leading general characteristics of church members have been the same in all ages, from the advent of Christ to the present time. Tares and wheat have always grown together, and always will grow together, till the great day of final gathering. I do not know that tares were more abundant in those times of wild commotion, than in any other time, but probably they were of ranker growth. It not unfrequently happens that those who are most at fault, are most ready to find fault with others. With regard to myself, I never had my faults pointed out as much and as often as I felt I deserved; but one day a church member, who had a hotel, and had a bar, and kept it open on Sabbath, and went sometimes behind the bar himself on the Sabbath, and seldom went to church, took it upon himself to bring me to task for being absent from my pulpit so many times during the year. I told him that I was never absent, except at my stipulated vacation, without having some one in my place, unless I

were sick, which was very seldom. He enlarged upon the principles of justice, for he was a man of fine natural talents, and suggested that, as a minister was paid for his time, he ought to be very faithful in putting in *all* his time. This conference was nearer his bar than was pleasant to me. While waxing warm upon ministerial faithfulness, a rowdyish looking man came along quite abruptly, and, slapping him on the shoulder, said, "Bill! the dice for the drinks." And off they both went together to the bar, to shake the dice and take the drinks. And off I went, musing upon the strange workings of human nature; and more entirely convinced that "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked."

Whether this church member was like a distinguished judge I once knew, I cannot say. The Judge had been a preacher for twelve years. Not receiving the support he deemed necessary, he turned his attention to the law, and became an eminent jurist. Unfortunately, he became intemperate at times. While on a drinking frolic with some of his fellow jurists, one of them twitted him with falling from grace. "Ah," said the Judge, "I did not fall *from* grace; I fell for *want* of grace." Whether this were the case with my church member, I could not say. In-

deed, I do not pretend to judge the heart of any one. But to my mind it was evident he had fallen from *somewhere*, in among the dry bones of the valley of vision. One thing I *will* say, among the professors of religion of early times there were as many earnest, sincere, devoted Christians as you would ever find in any country in the world.

As there were tares among church members, so also, sometimes, among ministers. But this was rare. The devil's great enmity to the kingdom of Christ, is often manifested by thrusting at the watchmen upon the walls of Zion. When Satan can wound the watchman, he thinks he does effectual work. The wicked love to tell the defects of ministers, and not unfrequently absolute falsehoods are fabricated. You will sometimes hear people talk of the dereliction of duty on the part of ministers in '49 and '50. I heard a man tell of a minister who was in his company coming across Mexico. He said the minister would take a hand at cards with the Mexicans. When the preacher was spoken to in reference to it, he said he gambled for information. *He wanted to know how the heart of a gambler felt.* Now this was an absolute fabrication, a gross falsehood. So a man once chuckled and winked at me, in Car-

son City, after Mr. Earle had been there, and held a revival meeting. He said Mr. Earle met one of his fellow gamblers on the street. The gambler said to him, "How about our gambling over in California?" Mr. Earle replied, "Oh, hush! don't say anything about it over here, for the people here don't know it." Still, sometimes, a minister would do a wrong act, and the wicked would ascribe that act to every minister on the coast. Like a man I knew who got a miserably poor breakfast once in Tennessee. Ever after he regarded every man from Tennessee as mean and stingy, because one hotel-keeper gave him a poor breakfast.

I went on one occasion to a large town where no Presbyterian minister had ever preached. I made an appointment for services on the Sabbath in the court-house. I cannot sing, and had forgotten to make provision for singing in our services. But on Sunday morning I went early to the court-house, and began to make inquiry for some one to sing. I was informed that there was a Baptist minister in town who was a good singer. I was told that he had become a lawyer, and was engaged in a case at that very time, in another department of the court-house. I dispatched a messenger to him, to ask if he would come and lead our singing.

The law-suit had just closed, and he came in and led off the singing in good style. Excepting Sabbath-breaking, I am not aware that this lawyer and ex-minister was guilty of any particular misdemeanor. When we look back twenty-five years upon these scenes, doubt sometimes arises whether it was right to ask a man to sing for us in the Sabbath services, who had just been guilty of breaking the Sabbath by carrying on a law-suit on that holy day. But it was to have him sing or have no singing at all.

It was in this town that a man holding public office subscribed a certain amount to the salary of a preacher. When, in the course of months, the collector went for the money, he said he did not subscribe with the view of paying. He did not like the preacher who was on the ground, and subscribed to this one in order to crowd the other out of the way.

CHAPTER IX.

THE EXECUTION—THE PATIENT MOTHER—INTEMPERANCE—LOST FORTUNES—A MEAN MAN—STRANGE INCIDENTS.

In the Summer of '50, I was called to the most painful duty I had ever performed. It was to accompany a young man to the gallows. It is the custom of fictitious writers to create their hero, and invest him with extraordinary endowments. This is only fiction. What I relate was reality. The young man was twenty-two years of age. If the term handsome may ever apply to man, it applied to him. His natural intellect was uncommonly bright. His assumed name was Mickey. But this was not his real name. He gave me his name, and the name of his parents, with the solemn promise, on my part, that I would not reveal it. That promise I have faithfully kept. I also promised to write to his parents that he was dead; nothing more. That promise I fulfilled, also. On the scaffold, he made a speech which evinced the elements of a fine orator and a superior intellect. But he commenced his downward

career by running away from home when a lad, because his father compelled him to study Latin. He exonerated his father from any cruelty or severity. He would break out into the most heart-breaking sobs, and exclaim. "Oh! my parents, my parents! No one ever had better parents, and no one ever treated them so badly." He would also, sometimes exclaim, "Oh, if I could only have fallen upon the field of battle for my country; but to die such a death as this." After leaving home, his career was short. He became a gambler, quarreled with a companion, stabbed him, and perished upon the scaffold. Such were the circumstances of the quarrel that he would probably have escaped the gallows, but for the pressure of public opinion. At the session of the Court in which he was tried, two atrocious criminals had been acquitted, and turned loose upon the public. One of these was a boy of fourteen, who had done the work of a hired assassin, and killed a man for pay. A powerful plea was put in for his youth. Extraordinary efforts were made by his lawyers, and by the sharpest skill and acutest ingenuity, he was acquitted. This created a storm of public indignation. And it was amid the raging of this storm that Mickey had his trial. Public feeling demanded a vic-

tim for the altar, and the lot fell on Mickey. Soon after the sentence of execution was passed, I visited him in his cell. It had been said that a clergyman had sought an interview and was rudely repulsed. I felt it my duty to visit him, and seek to impress him with the importance of trying to make his peace with his God. He treated me with courtesy and politeness.

I have visited a good many criminals under sentence of death, and have always found that if they are treated with sympathy and tenderness, they are almost always glad to see a minister and appreciate the kindness. Sometimes there are those who are so brutalized that they refuse to receive any spiritual adviser. One man who was sentenced to death told the jailor to let in a grizzly bear upon him, if he wished, but not let in any minister. Another criminal awaiting death was chained in the same cell. I paid him a visit. The conversation with him so wrought up the brutal one, that his feelings entirely changed.

The first few times I visited Mickey, he evinced no anxiety about the future world, or manifested any concern about his soul. He told me, subsequently, that the reason of this was, his lawyers held out the hope of getting a new trial. Did they succeed, he would be cer-

tain to be acquitted, or merely imprisoned. The lawyers failed to get the new trial, and he became very anxious and earnest in seeking eternal life. I hope he obtained forgiveness. He prayed earnestly, and this is a token of grace. His case is an evidence to my mind that, so far as the salvation of the soul is concerned, there is no mercy in commuting the sentence of death to imprisonment for life. If the crime demand only imprisonment for life, then *justice* would claim the imprisonment instead of death. But if the crime demands death, then I can see no mercy in commuting the sentence to imprisonment for life. For if imprisoned for life, he will postpone repentance as though he were not in prison. He will be hoping for pardon, or hoping to escape, or he may be forming plans by which he shall employ force in order to escape. All this would be adverse to any preparation for the future world. But if under sentence, and the day of death is approaching, anxiety will be awakened, and he will become restless and seek salvation. That was the case with this young man. So long as he had hope that the lawyers would obtain a new trial, and he escape death, he was indifferent. But as soon as death became certain, he sought salvation.

He was taken to the scaffold on a horse dray. His coffin was placed upon the dray and he seated upon the coffin. I rode on the coffin with him.

One of those singular mixtures of the comic and sad which sometimes happen, occurred then. A large concourse of people moved from the jail to the scaffold with the criminal. By the side of the dray rode a man and boy upon the same horse. The boy got the notion that I was to be hung. Such a heart-moving pity as brooded upon his countenance was seldom seen. He looked and looked at me with almost weeping sympathy and pity. There was something so comical in the thought of his mistake, that I could hardly refrain a smile. This increased the intensity of his expression of countenance, and caused a puzzled look which seemed to say—"Poor man, you are going to be hung. I am so sorry; yet you smile. How strange." His distressed, puzzled countenance added to the comical, and had any one else noticed me, they would doubtless have thought me light and unfeeling amid so solemn a scene.

At length the dray stood before the dark symbol of death. Mickey was conducted to the scaffold, and I stood by his side. My heart did

bleed for the poor fellow, and I prayed earnestly that his soul might be prepared for its entrance into the eternal world. He made a short, eloquent address to the crowd, stating that he did not intend to kill the young man with whom he quarreled. They were in a fight, and he merely meant to disable him with his knife. But the blow proved fatal. He warned the young to avoid the path of vice which had led him to the gallows. He then prayed earnestly for a few moments. When he ceased, the black cap was drawn over his eyes, the rope was adjusted to his neck, and, at a signal from the Sheriff, the drop was sprung, and he was launched into eternity.

When away from home at one time, riding in a public conveyance, a spectacle was exhibited which would shock the sensibilities of any one who had common sympathy. It was an old lady, of good appearance and well dressed, evidently accustomed to cultivated society, traveling with bleeding heart in company with a drunken son. He was a large, fine-looking man in middle life; intoxicated just enough to be oblivious of shame, hence made no effort to conceal his inebriate condition. While very talkative, with a loud, boisterous voice, like some broken, shattered harp, he

was not sufficiently troublesome to justify ejection from the conveyance. Oh, how my heart did ache for that poor, pale, sad-looking mother. At the same time, how did my soul glow with admiration for a mother's undying love to even a wayward child! Meek as an angel and patient as mercy, that mother made every effort, not in any way to annoy her drunken son. Hope, like a bright star peering through the rifts of a midnight cloud, still sustained her sinking spirit. She would yet cleave to the trust that God would visit the son of her love with grace and salvation. But how different her feelings now from thirty years ago, when, a youthful mother, she gazed long and lovingly into the infant eyes of her sweet babe. What hopes did she read in those beautiful, sparkling orbs! Then, wave after wave of calm, peaceful joy flowed through her happy heart. Happier than the soaring lark in the dewy morning, singing her matin song, was her joyous heart. Now, no image of wretchedness can be a suitable emblem of the sorrow of her spirit. Pale, sad mother! do not despair. There is a God on high who can pour the balm of love and consolation upon your breaking heart. In answer to your prayers, grace, like morning dew upon drooping flowers, may descend upon the agita-

ted spirit of your unhappy child. He may yet be restored to his right mind, and sing as sweetly as you of God's mercy and love. Many a mother has had her heart rise as high in rapturous joy, as it had sunk low in gloomy sorrow. Let your last dying sigh, then, be a prayer to heaven that on the shores of light, you shall gather to your bosom that intemperate son who now fills your soul with sorrow. Oh! what woe and wretchedness has sin introduced into the world. It has crushed into the dust the brightest hopes and most joyous anticipations the heart has ever known. All the hideous forms of the Devil which have been devised—the cloven foot, the crumpled horns, the ghostly body, the ghastly visage, and fire-gleaming spear—as faintly represent his horrid work on earth, as the picture of a tornado does the roaring tempest, the falling of houses, and the screams of the terror-stricken inhabitants of a crumbling city. In myriad forms he stalks over the earth, and breathes his blasting blight upon ten thousand blooming flowers, and withers them into the dust.

Intemperance is one of his forms of evil. Yet, if a history of all the woe and sorrow which intemperance has caused, were written, it would take a myriad of angels, a thousand

ages, to read that history. If all the tears which intemperance has caused to be shed were collected together, it would create an ocean in which nearly all the navies of earth might float. If all the sighs and groans which intemperance has caused were collected together, they would create a tornado that would outswell the roll of ten thousand bellowing thunders. Were a harp of woe strung to such notes of intense sadness as would fitly represent the woe caused by intemperance, I should expect that, as this harp were struck and uttered forth its notes of misery, the universe would be moved in sympathy and sorrow; I should expect that the sun, moon, and stars would weep tears of blood, and the sky put on the pall of mourning, and the earth utter a groan deep, long and sorrowful, and all nature close in with a chorus of intense wretchedness and misery. Over every drinking saloon, an appropriate sign would be a large painting, with the background of gloomiest colors. On this background should be painted a winding-sheet, a coffin, a tearful eye, a bleeding heart, a weeping widow and a group of ragged, starving, orphan children. Inside the saloon, the bottles and decanters which are arranged with such showy attractiveness, instead of being labeled rum, gin, whisky,

brandy, *should* be labeled inflammation, rheumatism, liver complaint, gout, cholera, death. On the walls, instead of beautiful paintings and works of art, *should* be hung black crape, cypress, and every badge of mourning. The chandeliers which often throw out such a fascinating brilliancy, *should* be made to emit a green, lurid and ghastly glare; and those who are taking their social glass, as a beverage, may well tremble, for they are nursing in their bosom a viper that may be warmed into life and bury his deadly fangs in the heart and send throbbing horrors through both body and soul. The frail bark is ready to break loose from its moorings and take them out on the stormy ocean, without helm or rudder. Amid the fiery storm of passion they will then have created around them, they will be dashed amid foaming breakers, and driven by whelming tempest; and, unless the arm of Omnipotence is stretched out for them, they are lost forever.

A lawyer, seeing me transact some business in which I was not very pinching for the dimes and half dimes, remarked to me, "If you are not more particular in your business transactions, you are evidently predestinated to be poor." However correct he may have been, it is quite apparent that I was not predestinated to be

rich. In the Spring of '52 I had a surplus, from my salary, of twelve hundred dollars. Being in San Francisco on a visit, I asked the advice of a friend, as to what investment he would recommend me to make. His reply was, "Go out on Howard or Mission street to about Eleventh or Twelfth street and purchase a fifty-vara lot." They were selling in that neighborhood, at that time, for the amount I wished to invest. But it was far out of the city, and nothing but sand-hills and chaparral. It was difficult to find out where the streets were laid out, or how the lots lay. It would be a half century before the city would spread out that far. So I decided that it would be unwise to invest twelve hundred dollars, in one hundred and thirty-seven feet square of sand-hills and chaparral, so far out of the city. Had I made the purchase, I would now have been worth one hundred thousand dollars. In fact those lots are now worth one hundred and twenty-five thousand dollars. School land warrants had just been thrown upon the market. I purchased a warrant for a section of land, and laid it in Suisun valley. After waiting a long time for a title from Government, a Spanish grant was floated over it, and my land was in the condition of the land of a man who said he

owned a good farm, but another man's farm lay on top of it. The Spanish grant, however, did not entirely cover my section. There was one rod left. So the result of my investment was a tract of land a rod wide and a mile long. But, at the end of fifteen years, I got back the money for my land warrants without interest.

At the time I laid this land warrant upon the land in Suisun, in '52, we were agitating the question in Presbytery of establishing a Theological Seminary in California. I promised the Presbytery, that when I got my title to the land I would donate a quarter of the section—one hundred and sixty acres—to the seminary. But I never got the title, hence never made the donation.

Two years subsequent to the period when I was offered the fifty-vara lot on Mission or Howard streets for twelve hundred dollars, I had an opportunity of purchasing ten acres of ground in Oakland, not far from the present center, for one thousand dollars. I had the money, and was strongly inclined to make the purchase. But I concluded that it would not be wise to give a hundred dollars an acre for poor gravelly land. That land is now covered with fine buildings. But the ground alone, without a building on it, is worth a million.

Some years after this I did purchase ten acres of land on the edge of Santa Rosa. For this I paid three hundred dollars. Erecting a small house upon it, I lived there a year, and sold the whole for twice the amount I gave. That ten acres is now in the heart of Santa Rosa, covered with beautiful residences, and worth a hundred thousand dollars.

I think the reader will suppose by this time that the lawyer was right in saying I was not predestinated to be rich. I can truly say that I never sought to make a purchase with any other view than a safe investment. I never went into what is ordinarily termed speculation. The only business transaction in which I realized anything worth mentioning, was in the Spring of '52. In the Summer of '51 I purchased a horse and cow. In the Fall I procured three tons of hay for sixty dollars. In the Spring when the grass was such that I could turn the horse and cow into pasture, I had left of my hay, half a ton, which I sold for fifty dollars. That was my only very fortunate investment in twenty-eight years in California. But it would show a marvelous ingratitude not to record that God's goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. Food and raiment and shelter have been given me. I

have a goodly heritage, and my lot is cast in pleasant places. One command of scripture I am rejoiced to be able to say I have been obedient to. This obedience enables me to look every man in the face wherever I meet him. Whether it be on the mountain top or in the spreading valley; whether it be on the deck of the steamer, or on the car of the railroad, or sidewalk of the city, I can look every man in the face and say, "I owe no man anything but to love him."

One of the meanest men that ever walked the streets of Stockton, or the streets of any other city, created quite a sensation in the Summer of '52. He was a smooth, plausible, polished young blade from my own native State of Massachusetts, I am sorry to say. He also often attended my church, and I am ashamed to think how little effect my preaching had upon him for good. He took an active part in the donation party spoken of in the preceding pages; and whether, when the party was over, we were richer or poorer for the part he took in it, the day of the revelation of all things will tell.

There lived in the neighborhood of the city a very honest, clever man of middle age, who came to California three or four years before

the discovery of gold. Rich in cattle and lands, he had a delightful home. Two beautiful sisters had come out from Maine since the discovery of gold, and resided with him. Of course his home was quite a resort for young people. This young man often visited there and was very attentive to the young ladies. The owner of the house was young, also, among young folks. As often happens among the youthful and playful, there was a good deal of scribbling with pen and paper. The probability is, that this young man got hold of a piece of paper with the name of the owner of the ranch upon it. Happening how it did, one day, when the farmer was in town, the young man put a promissory note of four hundred dollars into his hands, and demanded the payment. Of course the farmer knew it was a forgery, and without suitable reflection and forethought, had the young man immediately arrested and put in jail. But it was one thing to *know* that the note was a forgery, and another thing to *prove* it. He knew he had not given the note, but he could not prove it. The young man was released from jail, and sued the farmer for false imprisonment and injury of character, laying the damages at twenty thousand dollars. A heavy lawsuit was insti-

tuted. The main point turned upon the young man's character, or, rather, reputation. His character was fair externally, but rotten to the core. But up to this time, so oily had been his tongue, and so smooth his exterior, that his reputation was not bad. Still, many had a poor opinion of his *honesty*. Witness after witness was called to the stand to prove character. When interrogated by the lawyer, they would begin to express an opinion, or tell what they knew. The lawyer would stop them and say, "You are on the stand and under oath to tell what the *reputation* of this young man is." Of course he would have to say his reputation is not bad. One witness was stopped with the declaration of the lawyer that he was asked simply, what is the reputation of this young man. The witness replied: "His reputation is mighty bad with me, for he cheated me out of forty dollars." After a long trial the result was that the farmer had to pay the note of four hundred dollars, and in addition, four thousand dollars damages, to as rotten a character as ever went unwhipped of justice. Murder will out. Very soon, one act after another of fraud and iniquity came to light, and the villain deemed it proper to leave for parts unknown. For quite a period he had occupied a conspicuous

position in society. But at last his villainy was found out. The farmer, though well off in cattle and lands, did not find it easy to convert this property into money. The expense of the lawsuit was very heavy, for lawyer's fees were enormous in those times. He had also to pay the note, and damages; and altogether it threw him into pecuniary embarrassment, so that he had to sell his home, and again seek the frontiers of the country.

When in New Orleans, in the early part of '49, just previous to starting to California, I received a note from a lady desiring me to call at her residence. She informed me that her son, a mere youth, just arriving at manhood, had gone to California, and she felt great anxiety about him. She desired me to make inquiry for him, and should I meet with him, if I would befriend him with good counsel and kindness, no language could express the gratitude she would feel towards me. I took his name—Charles Waters. I made many inquiries, but could learn no tidings of him. No one that I asked had seen or heard of such a person. When we had been in Stockton a few weeks, a gentleman came to my house one morning and asked me to go down to a ship lying in the slough, within a hundred yards of our

house, and attend the funeral of a young man who had died there the night before. Accommodations for such throngs as were in Stockton that Winter were very insufficient, and this man had rented an old ship, and made a boarding-house of it. The young man who died was one of his boarders. He had been sick three or four weeks. I went to the funeral and attended the funeral service. At the close, I asked the name of the young man. I was told his name was Charles Waters, of New Orleans. I was shocked and sad to think that, though I had made many inquiries for him, and supposed he had gone to some other part of the State, he had sickened and died almost within the sound of my voice, and I knew nothing of him until after his death. The sad duty devolved upon me to write to his mother, and inform her that I had found her son, but not until he was beyond the reach of any earthly kindness and sympathy.

Truth is said to be stranger than fiction. I was called upon to visit another lady in New Orleans. She lived in an elegant mansion, surrounded with every form of costly elegance. She was quite aged, and apparently greatly depressed in spirit. She informed me in tones of intense sadness, that a son of hers had gone

to California nine years before, and she had never heard of him since. About two weeks after the death of young Waters, some young men went down the river, a few miles from Stockton, to hunt, fish, and have a time of general recreation. Two of them had a quarrel, but good understanding and good feeling were soon restored. After the difficulty was adjusted, some of the others proposed a sham duel. Seconds were chosen, distance measured off, guns loaded and fired, and one of the young men fell dead. That young man was the son of the old lady who had not heard from him for nine years. That same Winter, and about the same time of the death of young Waters, I found a young man sick in an old outhouse partly filled with lumber, near where we were living. He was a good-looking man, well dressed, and evidently well educated. On his way to the mines he was taken with pneumonia, and returned to Stockton. All the public houses were full, and the physician took him to this out-building. So far as shelter was concerned, he was as well off as if in the public houses of the times. He was lying on a pile of boards in his blankets, with his clothes and boots on. He had an attendant, and I suggested the removing of his boots; but the

attendant replied that the physician had said he would do better to keep them on. My wife prepared little delicacies, which I took to him. About the second or third morning after I found him, I went down to see how he was. He was dead. The attendant said he died in the night.

There were many gloomy scenes associated with death in those times; but the gloomiest of which I had any knowledge, was that of a man who was very profane. I used to see him in his business, and never heard any of his profanity; but others said he was very wicked and blasphemous. He was taken very sick, and when some one suggested that he might be in danger, he replied with shocking blasphemies and said, no one was in danger of dying that could swear as he could. In half an hour he was dead.

CHAPTER X.

REINFORCEMENTS—FIRE AT SEA—BALANCE OF CREDITS—A NOBLEMAN—ROBBERS—TWO EXECUTIONS—THE ALMOST SUPERNATURAL—THE FATAL TRAGEDY—THE FEMALE PREACHER—WOMAN'S RIGHTS.

In the Spring of '53 quite a reinforcement of ministers arrived in San Francisco. Six young men with their wives came in a vessel around Cape Horn. A fire at sea is terrible. Nothing but an absolute wreck can be so frightful. Even then, hope often sustains the spirit; but a ship on fire destroys all hope unless you can extinguish the flame. The ship in which these ministers made their voyage caught fire a little north of Cape St. Roque, and was four hundred miles from land. For a time there was the wildest consternation and terror. But the flames were extinguished, and all arrived in safety. These preachers were Rev. W. C. Pond, Rev. Samuel B. Bell, Rev. Edward B. Walsworth, Rev. S. H. Harmon, Rev. James Pierpont, and Rev. John G. Hale.

Mr. Pierpont went to Placerville and organized the Presbyterian Church, and settled there. Mr. Walsworth settled in Marysville. Mr. Harmon went to Sonora and organized the Presbyterian Church, and settled there. Mr. Bell organized the Presbyterian Church at Columbia, then went to Oakland and organized the Presbyterian Church, and settled there. Mr. Pond organized a Congregational Church on Greenwich street, San Francisco, and settled there. Mr. Hale went to Grass Valley, organized the Congregationalist Church, and settled there. Mr. Pond and Mr. Hale were Congregationalists, the other four Presbyterians. All these organizations and settlements were in '53, greatly augmenting the strength of the cause of Christ.

When the church edifice in Oakland was in the process of erection, a heavy storm swept over the city, and laid the building in the dust. Mr. Bell came to Stockton to seek aid in rebuilding. I was sick, and when Sabbath came, I told him to preach for me, and my donation to his church should be the collection on the plate. The arrangement which I had made with my church for support, was, a stipulated amount to be raised by subscription, and I to have all the Sabbath collections. Both to-

gether made a very generous support. It happened that the Sabbath on which Mr. Bell was at Stockton was at New Year. My friends had arranged to give me a sort of New Year surprise gift, by putting some gold pieces on the plate instead of silver. The result was a collection of one hundred dollars. So that my donation to the Oakland church was one hundred dollars. This struck a balance of credits. The newspapers, some time previous, had given me credit for subscribing five hundred dollars to the Chinese Mission Chapel. And my congregation now had the credit of giving a hundred dollars to aid the rebuilding of the Oakland church.

The present Presbyterian church edifice in Oakland is one of the very finest on the Coast. The pastor, Rev. James Eells, D. D., is one of the most popular preachers on this or almost any other coast. Dr. Eells is of noble descent. His father was a Presbyterian Minister. On one occasion he purchased a horse. The horse proved a better animal than the old gentleman anticipated, and was really worth more than the price paid. He went back and paid the man the additional amount which he considered the horse worth.

Rev. Mr. Harmon has proved a very fine educator, as well as preacher. He is the originator,

proprietor and President of Washington College, in Washington, Alameda County.

Upon the immediate edge of the northern limits of Stockton, as it was in '52 and '53, was a dense thicket of small trees. The undergrowth was very heavy. There were a few large trees interspersed, from which hung thick wild-grape vines. In this thicket a band of robbers were captured. It had been their retreat for two or three months. A wonderful amount of thieving had been committed in and around the city. But the universal impression was, that the thieves came from a distance, committed their depredations and returned during the night. The town was full of all sorts of people—some, from the mines—some, fresh arrivals—and some, from nobody knew where. Joaquin, one of the most adroit and daring bandits that ever infested any country, was said to have been in Stockton, often, during these times. So daring and devastating were his depredations, that the Legislature offered a reward of five thousand dollars for his capture. After extraordinary efforts and adventures, Harry Love, a mild amiable man, bold as Cæsar and strategic as Bonaparte, succeeded in his capture, but not until Joaquin was mortally wounded. These bandits, captured in their re-

treat, within a hundred yards of my house, were not a party of Joaquin's gang. Nearly all his were Spaniards and Mexicans. These were Americans and Germans.

Five were taken prisoners, and probably two or three escaped. Of these five who were captured, one was acquitted, two imprisoned for a long period, and two sentenced to be executed and hung.

Their sentence was not based upon the crime of murder, but theft. In '49 and in the early part of '50, but little thieving was perpetrated. Gold was so abundant that it was not necessary to steal it. If anyone was caught stealing, "woe worth the day" to him. But there was not much theft at that time. Predatory adventurers had not swarmed in much yet. In '52 and '53 stealing had become so rampant and unendurable, that the Legislature passed a law that theft, of any amount over fifty dollars, was punishable with death at the option of the jury. It was a law of terrible severity, but the disorder seemed to demand a terrible remedy. It proved most salutary, and was repealed at the expiration of a year. It was under this law, and upon the charge of theft, that these men were convicted and hung.

Soon after their sentence I visited them in their cells. I prayed with them and talked with them, and gave them all the instruction in my power, that they might be prepared to meet their doom. I visited them often, and they invited me to go to the scaffold with them.

Their assumed names were Mountain Jim and Dutch Fred. Mountain Jim was a perfect Hercules in form and power. His father was a Baptist minister, and died when Jim was nine years old. He told me that his father gave him much religious instruction. When his father was on his dying bed, he laid his thin pale hand upon his head, and told him to be a good boy. This counsel availed until he was about fifteen years old. His mother then married again, and not liking his step-father, Jim ran away from home and came to California.

In the wild tempest of these stormy times, his untried bark floated within the influence of the outward eddyings of the terrible maelstrom of whelming temptation, and by degrees, almost imperceptible, he was drawn nearer and nearer, until he was swallowed up in the gulf of inexorable ruin. His ignominious death did not shake my confidence in the promise of the Bible, which declares, "Train up a child in the way he

should go, and when he is *old* he will not depart from it."

This man at last was brought to reflection and repentance. For a time he was like a wild bear of the mountains, powerful and desperate. He was a terror even to his thieving companions. But when confined in his cell, away from the exciting causes of his wickedness, the pious instruction of his father all came back fresh to his memory. He assured me that in his career of desperation he had never killed any one. He was not hung for murder but for theft. But he had an overwhelming sense of his great wickedness. He mourned, and wept, and prayed. But he finally obtained peace, by trusting in the blood of Christ. He took God at his word when he said, "The blood of Christ, the Son of God, cleanseth us from all sin." On the scaffold he was perfectly calm and composed. His countenance indicated an inward peace of mind, evidently resulting from a consciousness that his sins were forgiven; and that his soul was in communion with his Saviour. The law which caused his execution was of terrible severity, yet he uttered not a syllable against it, or against any of its executors. He made a few remarks warning young men against the very approaches of intemperance, or any other vice.

Then for a long half hour he stood there, calm, quiet, composed—his countenance serene as though he could see the angels upon the battlements of glory pluming their pinions for a flight to his presence when his quivering body should be in its death agony.

One of the most tender recollections of my past life, was his calling me back when I started from the scaffold, to bid me good bye. I had visited him often in his cell, and visited the other also. And they desired me to go with them to the scaffold. Mountain Jim made only a few brief remarks. But Dutch Fred made a long and dreadfully shocking speech. Abuse, blasphemy, obscenity were shockingly intermingled, and caused a shudder of horror through the vast assemblage. When he was finally through, and the sheriff commenced adjusting the ropes to their necks, I began to pass off the platform. Owing to the shock to my feelings from that dreadful speech, I forgot to say "good-by" to the criminals. Just as I was setting my foot upon the steps, Mountain Jim spoke: "Mr. Woods." I looked around; he was extending his hand, and as I took it, a tender farewell fell from his lips. The remembrance of it, even yet, often brings tears to my eyes.

One day when visiting Mountain Jim in his cell, he said to me, "Mr. Woods, I once kept your match horses from being stolen. We were passing your house after midnight on our way to our retreat. Your horses were in the rear of the house with a trace chain around their necks, and the chain fastened with a padlock. One of the company said, 'Here is a fine pair of horses, let us take them,' and broke the padlock with a cobble-stone. But I said, 'These are the preacher's horses, and must not be interferred with.' With a big oath, he said he did not care whose horses they were, he was going to have them. With a bigger oath and fiercer determination, I said they should not be taken, and they were not taken." When he related this event, it called to mind what had transpired two or three months previous. A friend from the mountains with a fine pair of horses, left them near my house for safety. To secure them against thieves, he had put a trace chain around the neck of each horse, and fastened it with a padlock. In the morning one padlock was broken, and a cobble-stone with which it had been shattered was lying near. We supposed a thief had been tampering with the horses, but for some cause had been frightened away. But we did not know certainly, until

Mountain Jim related this circumstance. He said he used to see me about town before he was captured, and knew that I was a minister. He saw me stop at the blacksmith shop, and look at them, as the blacksmith fastened the irons upon their feet after sentence of death was passed upon them. Poor fellow! I did pity him from the bottom of my heart, as he stood there in the blacksmith shop with the cold iron bolt being riveted upon his ankle. I labored and prayed for his conversion; and I truly believe he died a Christian. My sympathy continued to the last. For he was sick—all broken out with the measles when he dropped from the gallows. If it shall be my felicity to reach the better land, I shall expect to find him there. And aside from my own household and kindred, I shall expect to meet with no more cordial welcome upon the battlements of glory, than from the blood-washed criminal, Mountain Jim.

I am not superstitious, and nothing ever occurred with me that seemed to border on the supernatural, except once. I am conscientiously and sternly opposed to church members dancing. I do not know that there is any particular harm in making the feet keep time with music So were fifty or sixty well-dressed

ladies and gentlemen seated around a room, and a fiddler in their midst should play a lively, stirring air, and they all make their hands swing around and toss about, keeping time with the music, I deem there would be no particular harm in it; but some people would think it very silly. So some sensible people think there is no very profound dignity in making the feet keep time with music. Still there may be no particular harm in that simple act; but such are the associations and attendants, and accompaniments of promiscuous dancing, that I am sternly opposed to church members attending balls or any other dancing assemblies. My church held a festival to raise some money to improve the church edifice. At the close of the festivities they had a dance. I was grieved, astonished, and perhaps a little indignant. In preparing my sermon for the next Sabbath, I put in a pretty heavy rebuke. On Sabbath morning, between nine and ten, I compared my watch with that of another person, so that I might make no mistake in going to the service at eleven. I had but a few blocks to walk, and always allowed myself five minutes to walk it. I thought the time seemed pretty long, but when it was five minutes to eleven, I started for the church. I had scarcely reached the street,

when I saw two of the Trustees coming. A little further on was another Elder coming. And not far behind him, another prominent member of the church. I knew, of course, that something was up, but what, I could not imagine. By this time the two foremost abruptly greeted me with "What is the matter? The congregation met, was larger than usual; waited till half past eleven, and have gone home supposing you were sick." I took out my watch; it lacked four minutes of eleven. I put my watch to my ear; it was running. The mystery was: my watch had stopped and rested half an hour, and started again without my knowledge.

As the congregation had dispersed under the impression that I was sick, I went to the Sabbath school and explained the cause of the failure in the morning, and desired them to give information that there would be services in the evening, as usual. In the evening I made the statement, that my watch had stopped and started again without my knowledge. And I supposed that the Lord in his Providence had arranged for my watch to stop and keep me away from the church in the morning, because He saw I had prepared too *heavy* a scolding for them for having a dance at the festival. This was all I said upon the subject. I think it all

resulted very well, for the church did not have any more dancing very soon, and I stopped scolding altogether. This happened sometime after I left Stockton, when in charge of another congregation.

One of the wildest excitements into which Stockton was ever thrown was caused by the tragic conflict between Tabor, editor of the Stockton Journal, and Mansfield, editor of the San Joaquin Democrat. This was in April, '54. The difficulty between them was not political but personal.

Bitter words and threatening paragraphs had appeared in their papers so long that all apprehension of anything more than a war with the pen, had passed. But one morning the stillness of as beautiful a day as ever smiled upon the earth was broken in upon by the repeated crack of pistols. Almost immediately the shrill shout echoed through the streets, that Tabor had killed Mansfield. They met on the sidewalk, apparently accidentally, a few words passed, crack went a pistol, and Mansfield sunk upon the pavement. He was taken to a room near by. Tabor was arrested and lodged in jail I visited them both within an hour. Mansfield was in a condition that made his physician desire no one to speak to him. He died

in a short time. Tabor in jail seemed almost demented. The shock, in some way, had so affected his mind that he seemed almost an idiot. He was accustomed to attend our church quite frequently, and in his paper, made frequent and kind mention of the services. He was always very friendly, and on quite familiar terms. But when I saw him in the jail, he did not at first recognize me. He did not seem conscious of what had passed, or why he was there. He was a brilliant young man, of hot, fiery temper; had once been attacked with a riding whip, and now driven to desperation, he had committed a deed that well nigh shattered his mind from its balance. Indeed, for a time, his mind was in a sort of chaotic bewilderment. He had his trial, and was condemned to be executed. But the Governor pardoned him, and he left the country. From all I could learn, he was henceforth a very unhappy man. He died some years after, it was said, in a forlorn and unhappy condition. I always think of him with a sigh of deep sadness. An account of this unhappy tragedy appeared in a Biography of James Fisk, Jun., of New York. Josephine Mansfield, whose name was so infamously associated with Fisk, was a daughter of Mansfield. The biography states that Josephine's father fell in a duel in Stock-

ton, California. He and Tabor, it says, fought back of the town—a certain number of steps were measured off—each took his position, and when the shots were exchanged, Mansfield fell. His surgeon rushed to him and found him fatally wounded, and he died immediately. This statement shows how fiction is often mingled with history.

Not in Stockton or the immediate neighborhood, was a lady of some intellect, a good deal of self-esteem and a large amount of self-confidence. Her religious sentiments were Universalism; her politics, woman's rights. She carried these latter sentiments so far as once to appear upon the streets in a bloomer dress. An officer of the law hinted to her, that some uncharitable person might put such a construction upon the laws, as to put her to inconvenience. This caused her to lay aside her bloomers. She was a large fine-looking lady, and she conceived the idea of attempting to preach. She was already considerably past middle life. The second time she attempted to hold service, she was reading the Scriptures in I Cor. 13: 11: "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child; but when I became"—here she suddenly stopped, blushed, simpered, rocked a little from side to

side, hesitated—but she saw she could not retreat, so, as when a horse is stalled, he backs a little to take a new start, she went back a word or two and started anew, "but when I became a *man*, I put away childish things." When she had time for reflection, she perceived that had she read on to the end of the verse, without any hesitation, no one would have noticed her unhappy dilemma. But as by her hesitation, she had called the attention of the people to the fact that she had become a *man*, she was so mortified that she never attempted to preach again.

I think a good many ladies who hold extreme views upon "Woman's Rights" often find it quite inconvenient to become a man.

There are certain rights which belong to woman, and to which she should lay an unyielding claim.

In a storm at sea, she has a *right* to require man to stand at the helm of the ship. In time of war, she has a *right* to require man to go to the field of battle. If a granite mansion is to be erected, she has a *right* to require man to lift the massive rocks to their places in the lofty structure. In these and all kindred matters, woman has a right to require man to perform the part which God and nature has as-

signed him. But if she claim the right to enter the arena of political life, mount the stump and make a political speech, we might challenge debate. Where is the man that would hazard his honor to reply to the speech of a lady? Amid the gathered throng she has ascended the stand. Her cheeks are all aflush with excitement, her eyes blue as the sky and bright as the stars, her ringlets afloat on the breeze, her voice soft as a lute and musical as a harp. She recites beautiful poetry, and paints, with colors as beautiful and glowing as the rainbow, pictures of the future glory and grandeur of our happy country. We are spell-bound for a brief happy hour. Now a rough, brawny man ascends the platform. His face is all covered with matted hair, looking like a bear from the forest. He begins to refute the beautiful orator, bringing down the sledgehammer of a stern logic upon the beautiful pictures thrusting the polished lance of bitter sarcasm through the pretty poetry. Why, the very children in the crowd would sneer at him; men would hiss; ladies would curl their rosy lips and point their jeweled fingers, and cry out "Shame on a man to fight a woman." May the day be far distant when woman shall enter the arena of political life. For I am sure no gifted, gallant man

would enter the lists with her. The true sphere for woman, and where she shines with peculiar beauty and glory, is the domestic circle. Let a woman be married to a husband she loves, and have a home she seeks to make happy and musical with lullaby songs, and she will have but little time or inclination to quarrel about "Woman's rights."

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CHAPTER XI.

Rev. Wm. A. Scott, D. D., LL. D.

In the Summer of '54, Rev. Wm. A. Scott, D. D., LL. D., came to San Francisco. His advent to this coast was a great accession of strength to the Presbyterian Church. He was forty-one years old, a native of Tennessee. In my earliest ministerial life, I traveled and preached in the region of Tennessee where he had exercised his ministry a very few years before. The country was full of his fame. A man said to me, that it was wonderful how so young a man could have acquired such a fund of knowledge, and possess such powers of preaching. He was

very young when he commenced his ministry, but he was large and was lame. His lameness was not caused like Jacob's by wrestling with the Lord, but by wrestling with adversity.

In the new portions of Tennessee in which he lived when a boy, books were scarce. Indeed it was not the day of books as it is now. A neighbor had one of rare merit, which the lad greatly desired to possess. But he had not the money to purchase it, so he negotiated for the book by agreeing to give three days' work in plowing. It was while plowing amid the rocks and roots and stumps, in the damp and cold, that he contracted an illness which resulted in permanent lameness, so that, though his lameness was not caused in the same way as Jacob's, it was almost as honorable.

When nineteen he was appointed chaplain in the Blackhawk war. At the capture of the savage chieftain, young Scott translated and wrote out the speech of capitulation which Blackhawk made. The Indians subdued, the young chaplain desired to return home without delay. But there was no other alternative than either to travel alone on horseback several hundred miles through a wild and savage country, or descend the Mississippi river in a canoe

by himself six hundred miles, or wait three or four months for the army. It was of great importance to his personal interests that he return home at once. So, purchasing a canoe, he put into it a mat, blankets, guns, provisions, and taking an Indian boy whom he adopted to educate, he launched out upon the broad bosom of the majestic Mississippi. For days and weeks he pushed the frail canoe on its gliding way down the flowing waters of the mighty river. The plan was to tie the canoe to a tree or root on the bank at night; build a camp-fire, cook supper, and lie down and sleep. But hostile Indians oftentimes prevented his landing, and he had to float on down the river, keeping out from the shore a safe distance from the deadly arrow. For several successive nights he had been compelled to keep the canoe out in mid river, without fire to cook or make coffee, until he was so weary and worn for want of cooked food and hot coffee, that he determined to brave the peril of making for the river bank. Tying his canoe in a secluded nook, he penetrated the thicket of the forest, kindled a fire, made some coffee and cooked some food, then extinguished the fire lest the Indians at a distance might see the light or smoke. Then he lay down and slept. Thus he voyaged on his

way, six hundred miles down the river. At length, near the mouth of one of the tributaries he found a small steamer trying to get over the bar. He sold his canoe for a dollar, and took passage for St. Louis. Thus terminated an adventure almost equal in daring and peril to that of young Washington when he bore his embassage from the Governor of Virginia to the French Commander at Fort Duquesne.

After exercising his ministry for a time in his native State, he was called to Tuscaloosa, Ala. From here, in about two years he was called to New Orleans. That was one of the great fields of his life. New Orleans was formerly almost in a state of moral chaos. There were choice, pious, ardent Christians there, but the masses were almost totally careless and thoughtless.

One of the most brilliant pulpit lights of the age blazed in glory there for a brief period, then went out in the gloom of death. Sylvester Larned was only twenty-three when he died, yet the fame of his pulpit eloquence had spread over the whole United States. He left the Lafayette Square Presbyterian Church in prosperity, but after his death it seemed to decline until Dr. Scott was called to its pastorate. New life soon seemed infused into it, and

he toiled there with untiring energy for twelve years. The interests of the whole Protestant Church were greatly promoted by his unremitting labors and untiring toil. He had, however one advantage over most of those who preceded him. He was a native Southerner. Forty years ago, this gave a minister a decided advantage. It seemed a kind Providence, therefore, to send to the church there, a man endowed with great powers who was a native of the land.

From that field, in which he achieved great results, he came to California. In early times, those who came here had to lay their own foundations. They did not find an organized church, a house of worship, a waiting congregation. They had to gather their own congregations, organize their own churches, build their own houses of worship. This all meant work. And whoever would not work, might return whence he came. But Dr. Scott was accustomed to work. In the Summer of '54 he organized the Calvary Church with about seventy members. Efforts were immediately made to erect a church edifice. In an incredibly short time, a massive structure stood on Bush street near Sansome. Here, to crowded houses, year after year, he preached with a power and pathos seldom equaled. Morning

and evening on each returning Sabbath, his voice rung out like the blast of a bugle, urging immortal souls to flee the wrath to come, and seek eternal life.

On no arena, perhaps, have his great powers been called into exercise, more than in the old Calvary Church on Bush street. And his success was equal to his great efforts. Never, I think, was a congregation more in danger of being guilty of idolatry in worshiping their pastor than were his people of worshiping him.

One day, while standing on the corner of Montgomery and Bush streets, I said to one of his leading church members, "God is jealous of his glory and will allow no idols. Beware, lest your church make an idol of its pastor, and in some way the Lord take him from you." I spoke exactly what I felt. Dr. Scott had not, nor has ever had, a more sincere friend than myself. And I used to tremble for him when I saw so much of what seemed to me a spirit of idolatry, among his people. I said once to an old lady of his congregation, "But you must not worship your pastor." Her quick reply was, "I don't. I only worship the God that is in him."

Less than six months from the time I warned the church member on Montgomery street of

the danger of idolatry, Dr. Scott, with his family, was on his way to Europe, and was absent from California nine years. Over the land gathered a dark war cloud which burst with whelming power, and shattered many a fair temple. Although after the tempest was past, and the skies again had become bright and clear, the civilized world rejoiced at the result, yet many individual interests suffered intensely, Dr. Scott's among others. A native Southerner, he expressed his sympathy more strongly, perhaps, than was prudent. His expressions were misrepresented and exaggerated, a commotion was created, and it was deemed best that he take a voyage to Europe.

While there, he preached and wrote and toiled, as in his own native land. The best reply I have ever seen to the heresies of Bishop Colenso, of Natal, Africa, was from his pen while supplying a church in London.

At length he returned to New York, and became pastor of the Forty-Second street Presbyterian Church. He remained pastor of this church six years, but in '70, he returned to California, to the great joy of his friends. Immediately the St. John's Presbyterian Church was organized, and he installed its pastor. Not long after his installation, I attended his

church one Sabbath evening. His discourse was the first of a series upon the Book of Ruth. The audience was immense and filled with intensely interested listeners. He was evidently deeply burdened with a sense of the almost overpowering responsibility of such a vast multitude of souls committed to his care. The thought, pressing upon his spirit, that at the bar of God he must meet every one of them again, made him intensely in earnest. I envy not any minister who can stand up before a congregation of people, every one of whom has an undying soul that is soon to be a burning seraph of glory, or a hideous demon of despair, and be unmoved with the thought, that at this very time he may be the means of leading scores into the path of endless glory, or the path of endless gloom. The minister who should remain unmoved beneath the burden of such an overpowering responsibility, might well throw himself into the dust, and, from the depths of his heart, plead with God to move and melt his adamantine heart of stone.

The lesson drawn from the preservation of Ruth was, that none need distrust the providence of God. In the darkest hour that ever fell upon the stricken heart, we may lift our

voice in prayer to Him whose eye never slumbers or sleeps, and whose ear is ever open to all who call upon Him in sincerity. From Elimoleck's distrust and emigration, and death, men were warned against the peril of being so eager in the pursuit of wealth as to endanger their undying souls. To the young, Dr. Scott lifted up his voice like a trumpet, and warned them that they should not embark on uncertain seas of speculation, and subject themselves to the awful peril of being wrecked on the stormy shores of a lost eternity.

The whole discourse was one of great power, replete with historic illustrations, exhibiting a vast range of study and biblical learning.

When he first returned to the Coast, his bodily frame seemed feeble, his heart seemed sad, and his voice did not have the old ring of the bugle blast, which it formerly had. And his friends began to fear, that the rough work of life, was beginning to wear out the machinery of the physical frame. But it proved to have been only a temporary weariness. Soon, like a rested warrior, invigorated by repose, he came up fresh upon the battle-field of "The Sacramental Host of God's elect." Again the old fire began to burn, the old voice began to ring, the old battle-sword to flash, and sinners

began to tremble and inquire what they must do to be saved.

The Theological Seminary of which he is now (1877) President, is greatly indebted to him for its permanent establishment. Before he first came to the coast, the question of the establishment of a Theological Seminary had been agitated and resolutions passed in Presbytery in favor of it. But it was not until after the union of the Old and New School churches, that the Seminary, under his hand, took organic form. And had this been the only work of his life on this Coast, it would have been a monument that should cause a lasting gratitude to himself and all the friends of the Presbyterian Church.

Dr. Scott is mighty in prayer. I went into his church on one Thanksgiving day. I thought his prayer was the most extraordinary in power and pathos which I had ever heard. Never, except in a dream which, just previous, I had been favored with, was I so carried away from earth and borne upward to the skies, as on the wings of that mighty prayer. With intense emphasis could I say,

"Sweet hour of prayer, sweet hour of prayer,
That calls me from a world of care."

Could I in my waking moments, have the same realization of heaven as in my dream, it would matter little with me personally what transpired on earth. Whether it were sunshine or shower; dark skies or bright; storms of adversity or inflowing tide of prosperity; it would not have the weight of a feather. All earthly glory, be it fortune or fame, would be as a glow-worm to the blazing sun. In the presence of kings, and warrior chieftains, and intellectual giants, I could stand with the same easy indifference, as now among the children of an infant school. Yet it was not gorgeous visions, mountains of glory, skies of sapphire, mansions of light, walls of jasper gates of pearl, streets of gold, angels of beauty—it was not these alone that enraptured the spirit. It was the calm, sweet peace of the soul. It was the soul's sweet and loving harmony with the moral beauty of God's loving nature that constituted a bliss infinitely surpassing the highest conceptions of earthly imagination. It was a calm, sweet, serene, happy rest.

Next to that dream, nothing ever carried me away from earth more than that prayer on that Thanksgiving day. You can no more present, on paper, a correct idea of a powerful prayer than you could the idea of grand and lofty

music. All true prayer consists of the outbreathings of the soul to God. And where the soul is mighty, and its emotions are mighty, and its desires and pleadings are mighty, none but those who hear the prayer can form any proper conception of it. When the AMEN to this Thanksgiving prayer was uttered, there was such a wiping of tearful eyes as I have seldom seen in any worshiping assembly.

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CHAPTER XII.

LOS ANGELES—THE NATIONALITIES—THE CARRO—OLD VOLUNTEER TREASURER—THE MURDERER—FREQUENT KILLING—SANTA ROSA—THE WATER BUCKET—CHILDREN'S FREAKS IN CHURCH—JOHN TREADWAY—REV. GEORGE BURROWS, D. D.—REV. JAMES WYLIE—HEALDSBURG—CYRUS ALEXANDER—DEATH BED SCENE—THE CELEBRITY.

Late in the Autumn of '54 I went to Los Angeles and gathered a congregation and preached to them one year. Our place of holding religious service was in the old adobe courthouse. Here we organized a Presbyterian

Church of twelve members, except the ordination of the elders. I also secured, before leaving, a lot for a church edifice. At that time there were probably about five thousand inhabitants. Four-fifths of these were Spanish. Of the other thousand, probably one-half were Americans; the other half were English, Scotch, Irish, German, Dutch, Swiss, French, Italians, Swedes, Norwegians, Russians and Europeans generally. Los Angeles at this time, as to population, was a miniature of California. I do not suppose there is a country or nation in the civilized world that has not a representative in California. As to the buildings in Los Angeles, more than nine-tenths were adobe. Brick and frame structures were the exception and very rare.

The mode of conveyance with the Spanish aristocracy, was the "carro." This consisted of a frame, like a platform, about five by twelve feet, set on a pair of wheels. These wheels were sawed from a log about two or three feet in diameter. A hole was made in the center for the axle, the wheel at this place being about ten inches in thickness. From this center it was worked down to the edge, to the thickness of about five inches. An iron band usually formed the rim of the wheel. Four stakes from the corners of the "carro" sustained rawhide

stretched across the top, four or five feet high, as a shade from the sun. The vehicle was drawn by two or four oxen. The yoke of the oxen was a piece of timber, like scantling, placed upon the forehead of the ox, just beneath the horns and fastened firmly to them by strips of rawhide. On this "carro" you would see the ladies of a rich, aristocratic family, in their silks and satins, on their way to a "fandango" —Spanish ball. The men almost universally rode on horseback. They were the finest horsemen, perhaps, in the world. I saw an old nabob once gallop his horse down a steep hill, back of the town, which would have reminded you of Putnam, pressing his horse down the almost flight of steps, in the old revolutionary times.

Don Abel Stearns, a native of Boston, had lived in Los Angeles thirty-five years. He had a Spanish family, and was the owner of five Spanish grants, covered over with a hundred thousand head of cattle. The year before my residence there, he went to Boston and got a carriage. With that exception, I never saw any of these old aristocratic families traveling in any other manner than in the "carro." When on their way to a "fandango" you might, oftentimes, not very far before or behind, see "*vaqueros*" driving ten or fifteen head of beef

cattle. These were for the market, to obtain money for the expenses of the occasion.

Bull-fights were a great amusement on the Sabbath. When the Sunday law went into effect and stopped this, they resorted to another sport. This consisted in putting a nearly grown chicken in a hole in the ground, then covering its body with earth, leaving the head above ground. A circle of horsmen were formed of about a hundred yards in diameter. At a given signal, the horsemen would rush at full speed around the circle past the chicken, and whoever could seize the chicken by the head, and drag it from the hole and rush away with it—all the others in full pursuit—and finally retain it, won the prize. But the Sunday law caused this to stop also.

They had been so accustomed to have these sports on Sunday, that it seemed as though if they did not have them on that day, they did not care to have them at all.

In the congregation in the Court-house one Sabbath, as I went in, I saw our volunteer church treasurer, formerly of Stockton, when about to build our church in the Spring of '50. He had disappeared years before, and did not know that he was in the land of the living. I

was hardly seated in the stand, till he came forward with a swelling, pompous air, handed me a slip of paper and returned to his seat. Upon opening the paper, I found it read, "There will be preaching in this house at three o'clock this afternoon by the Latter Day Saints." I suppose every body knows, Latter Day Saints is the name which the Mormons assume. I watched my oldest boy, a lad eleven or twelve, till I caught his eye, then beckoning him to me, told him to hand that paper to that fat man sitting over near the door.

During this Summer, a man by the name of Brown was working in a livery stable. He had a dreadful bad reputation. Rumor whispered that he had killed three or four men, out amid the wilds of Colorado. Another man also worked in the livery stable. While this other man was seated upon a chair conversing with Brown, he expressed some doubt as to the correctness of a statement which Brown had made. Brown, without apparent excitement or threat, walked up to the man and stabbed him to the heart. It was such a foul, cold-blooded murder that the citizens decided to hang him at once. A great crowd was gathered, and intense excitement prevailed. The Mayor of the city appeared on the scene. He mounted a box and made a

brief, but very earnest speech. He concluded his short address by saying : "Fellow-citizens, put this man into the hands of the proper authorities, and if, when he has his trial, they do not hang him, I will resign my office and assist you in hanging him." This was satisfactory. Brown was lodged in jail, and on his trial, was convicted and sentenced to be hung.

His lawyer, Scott, had a great reputation for success in getting criminals, charged with capital offenses, cleared. Here, now, was a desperate case. If he could be successful in this instance it would place him in the loftiest niche of fame, as a criminal lawyer. Finding some slight flaw in the Court proceedings, by a mistake in some unimportant technicality, he addressed himself to the Supreme Court for a new trial. But the Court was in a state of transition, removing, I think, from San Jose to Sacramento. Hence they could not listen to a hearing for a new trial or any other trial. Before they could be in session, the day set for Brown's execution would be past. So they issued an order that the execution of Brown be postponed until the session of the Court, that they might listen to an argument for a new trial.

Paying no regard to the order from the Supreme Court, when the appointed day for

Brown's execution came, the Mayor, faithful to his promise, resigned his office. The Sheriff resigned his, and the Jailer his. The citizens, with sledge hammers, crowbars and other potent implements, broke open the jail, took out the criminal and hung him.

I do not think it would be much exaggeration to say that, during that year, there was an average of one person killed each week. But then it was very largely among the most degraded classes—Indians and the lowest grade of Mexicans. Indian would kill Indian and Mexican kill Mexican. It was not an unfrequent thing to find a dead Indian on the street in the morning, in some parts of the city. I was visiting one day at the house of one of my parishioners. The children came rushing into the house, excited, pale and trembling. They had found a dead Indian in the vineyard close by the fence which separated the vineyard from the street. The Coroner decided that it was a case of killing. Other Indians had probably committed the murder and thrown the body over the fence. But this killing was not confined to Indians. A company of some eight or ten roughs came in from some frontier desert place, and engaged in what they called "*a bust.*" They visited respectable Spanish families, and

conducted themselves as though these were houses of ill-repute. The Spaniards became enraged, fell upon them, killing three, wounding two others almost fatally, and scattering the balance. Sometimes, also, individuals in the highest ranks, would meet in personal rencontre, and one or the other party be killed.

Great changes have now taken place in Los Angeles and all through Southern California. The adobes have been substituted by beautiful houses and splendid mansions, and "carros" by all kinds of beautiful carriages.

Los Angeles is a beautiful city, claiming eighteen thousand inhabitants. In the midst of all kinds of tropical fruits, with a pleasant climate, it is a delightful place in which to reside.

Returning from Los Angeles, I went to Santa Rosa and organized the Presbyterian Church, in March, '56. Nearly every church which I have organized in California, and I have organized quite a number, consisted of about twelve members. This is the Apostolic number. And this is about as good a claim to Episcopate Apostolic Succession as any to which I subscribe. Santa Rosa, at this time contained about twenty houses, and the chimneys nearly all outside. The population of the town was

probably about one hundred and fifty; but the country around it was pretty thickly settled for so early a period.

In the early emigration to California, those from the eastern portion of the States and from the cities, being accustomed, a great deal, to commerce, and the medium of commerce, which is money, sought the gold of the mines, while those from the frontiers of the West, accustomed very much to agriculture, sought the agricultural regions; and as Sonoma County had some of the finest land in the State, it was sought for and settled up by people, very largely, from the Western frontiers. It used to be called "The State of Missouri." While this accounted for the chimney outside of the house, it also accounted for the fact, that the county was settled by a strong, robust, hardy race of people of good, strong common sense. Some of the most intelligent, cultivated, agreeable people I have ever seen, I have met with, in Sonoma County, from the State of Missouri. One of the most accomplished, perhaps I ought to say the most accomplished lady in California, in early times, a member of my church, was a native of Pike County, Missouri. Yet some of these people from the extreme frontiers of the West and Southwest, have not been accustomed

to all the requirements of cultivated refinement. Once, in Healdsburg, I attended the Baptist Church, when they had preaching on Saturday. On a bench at the right hand of the pulpit was a bucket of water with a dipper in it. Right in the midst of the sermon, one after another, men and children, from the back part of the house, sometimes, would walk up to the bucket of water, take a drink and walk back to their seat with as much *nonchalance* as if in their own kitchen at home.

At Santa Rosa, it sometimes required some intellectual nerve to stand firm at the helm and guide the ship straight through the sea of confusion, in the midst of a sermon. At first, we held our services in a rough frame building, without any ceiling of wood or cloth. It was the building used for a court-house, standing on the opposite corner from the present court-house. On one occasion a lady's child, eight or ten months old, cried and cried. The mother seemed to be doing her very best to listen to the sermon, but at length, as if totally discouraged, she rose and went to the window, and began to drum on the glass to charm the child into quietness. But the louder she drummed, the more lustily the little fellow stormed. If that child is still alive, he is about

twenty-one; and if his lungs are as good as they were when he sung to the tune which his mother played upon the window pane during that sermon, he is well qualified for the vocation spoken of by a little boy in San Francisco. Over twenty years ago a company of boys, of whom my own were a part, were discussing the choice of avocations. One expressed a preference for one pursuit, and another for something else. At length one little fellow, with great animation said, "I want to be a drayman, an auctioneer, or a preacher. I want a holleren trade." So that little singer of Santa Rosa, if living, would be a valuable acquisition to some "holleren trade." On another occasion, after we had gone into the new, fine brick courthouse, a little girl five or six years of age, pretty as a pink, and musical as a hummingbird, was strolling about the room while I was preaching. After a time she came up into the stand, pushed me back from the front of the desk, passed between me and the Bible and went out the other side. A few Sundays after a little boy, with eyes as black as coal, and bright as diamonds, came up to the stand to get a drink of water from the pitcher standing upon the desk. He was not tall enough to reach the pitcher, so I poured out a glass of

water, which he drank, and went back to his seat, and I went on with the sermon. All this in a large court-room crowded with people. At one other place, and subsequent to this, two little girls, five or six in age, were playing round in the church during the sermon. They finally took a race down the aisle, and to give interest to the occasion and intensity to the sensation, one of them fell down and raised a wail of agony that echoed among the rafters like the sighing of distracted spirits.

The best Sunday-school which I ever saw in city or country, chapel or cathedral, was held from Sabbath to Sabbath in this court-room. The Superintendent was John Treadway, an elder in my church, brother-in-law of Rev. Dr. Brooks, of St. Louis. The country was then new, a great many ranches were occupied by bachelors, of course children were scarce compared to what they are now, even in towns of the same size. But that court-house was packed and crowded with children, some of whom came ten miles every Sabbath. This was all owing to Mr. Treadway's extraordinary qualifications as Superintendent. He had the capacity of interesting the children, awakening their energies, exciting their enthusiasm, engaging their affections, surpassing anything I had ever wit-

nessed before, or have ever witnessed since, or ever expect to witness hereafter. With a wonderful genius for invention, he would draw illustrations from the heavens and earth, and sea and sky; the fowls of the air, and fishes of the sea; the cattle upon the hills, and the flocks in the valleys; the oaks upon the mountains and the grass upon the plains; the grain in the fields and the flowers in the garden; the fruits upon the trees and berries on the vines; all were laid under contribution to illustrate to the children, the blessed and glorious truths of immortality taught in the Bible. I used to be intensely interested in witnessing the children, sitting, leaning a little forward, with eyes strained and mouth agape, drinking in the precious instructions drawn from his multiplied illustrations. Mr. Treadway has been dead many years. Numbers of his Sunday-school scholars are also dead. If, through his instrumentality, they were led to the Saviour, upon the plains of light they meet. In robes of glory, with crowns of joy, and harps of gold, they walk over the hills of eternity, through the vales of bliss, along the banks of the river of life, and recline in rosy bowers beneath the waving boughs of the tree of life—singing "worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive riches

and glory, and honor, and power, and blessings."

Santa Rosa is now a large town, with a population of seven or eight thousand inhabitants. They have one of the most beautiful locations for a town in the State. With an invigorating climate, surrounding country of great beauty and fertility, and fine facilities for education, it is one of the most prosperous and growing towns in the State. To nothing is the place so much indebted for its prosperity, as to its two colleges. Education, next to the gospel, is the great panacea for the ills of mankind.

Among the educators who have come to California, and to whom San Francisco and the Presbyterian Church are greatly indebted, is Rev. George Burrows, D. D. In the East he was Professor of Greek and Latin, in Lafayette College, Pennsylvania, and had obtained distinguished reputation as one of the finest classical scholars of the age. His poetic talent had been recognized by the publication of his splendid poem, "Octorara." From his pen emanated one of the most beautiful commentaries ever written, upon the songs of Solomon. It evinced the finest oriental scholarship and deepest piety of heart. It was a favoring Providence that sent such an educator to the Coast at the

forming period of our educational interest. His commencement in the City College of San Francisco, was with five scholars. The institution flourished under his Presidency, until at length it reached two hundred.

Dr. Burrows is also an able and impressive preacher. As to worldly fortune and earthly treasure, like myself he does not seem to be destined to great wealth. Speaking after the manner of men, he has been rolled about pretty roughly upon the wheel of fortune, especially for a man advanced in life, and in feeble health. By care and economy, he had saved of his earnings, as teacher, ten thousand dollars; this he invested in the Pacific Fire Insurance Company. The great Chicago fire swept the company and all its funds into oblivion. So that Dr. Burrow's money, reserved for old age, almost literally took to itself wings and flew away. He is now Professor of Hebrew and Greek Exegesis in the Theological Seminary of San Francisco. Here, in aiding young men in their mental and spiritual preparations for preaching the everlasting gospel, he may do great good.

Another extraordinary man who came to the coast after the period mostly embraced in these "Recollections," was Rev. James Wylie, usually designated "Father Wylie." This fatherly title

was not applied so much for his age, as for his great dignity of character, and the great veneration in which he was held, for his spirit of consecration to his Master.

After his three sons—Rev. James S. Wylie, who died while pastor of the Presbyterian Church of San Jose, Rev. John Wylie, who died at Eugene City, Oregon, and Rev. Richard Wylie, the pastor of the Presbyterian Church at Napa, after they had all entered upon the ministry, he himself was licensed and ordained. A lawyer by profession, he gave up its practice to commence studying Hebrew after he was fifty years old. He became a good Hebrew and classical scholar and an able theologian. Yet he commenced his studies for the ministry at an age when many think of retiring, and he did good service in the vineyard of the Lord. Licensed to preach after he was sixty, so humble, and so zealous, with a great heart burning with the love of the Saviour, and the love of souls, he would have been a tower of strength *by his example* had he possessed no marvelous powers in the pulpit; but he was a warrior who wielded a strong sword and did great service in the battles of the Lord. Few the men who could so potently use the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God. This was his wea-

pon of warfare, and none relied more upon its use than he. Not long before his death, his people used to say that it was wonderful to hear what elucidations he would throw around the Scriptures which he explained. When smitten with affliction by the death of two sons, both young ministers of great promise, and suffering from physical ailments, yet did he stand with unfaltering firmness at the post of duty in the pulpit. His example alone was a power, and should be a beacon light to cheer others on, when ready to falter under the burden of age or infirmities. Like some sturdy old oak upon which the wintry blasts have fallen until its roots are deep imbedded in the mountain rock, spreading out its branches and drinking in the light of heaven, shedding a cooling shade all around, so stood Father Wylie, to cheer others along the highway of the christian life, and this, when he himself was approaching the dark valley. He was associated with his son in the Pastorate of the church at Napa. For nearly a year his son was absent in Europe, and the entire labor of the Pastorate devolved upon him; but he toiled on until his son returned, when he resigned the work into his hands, and the tired warrior lay down to his long rest.

It has been my lot, since I have been in the ministry, now nearly forty years, to do pioneer work *mostly* upon frontiers. I preached nearly four years in Florida, in the region from which the Seminole Indians had been driven out but a short time. Upon the sides of the road, were the fresh graves of those whom the Indians had killed upon the highway. I labored in Alabama in the region from which the Creek Indians had been removed not long previous. I have preached in every large town in California, except Santa Cruz and Placerville. A Methodist minister, for whom I once preached, introduced me to his congregation as a Presbyterian Presiding Elder. My ministerial life has been just the reverse of the Pastor, Rev. John Fiske, New Braintree, Mass., under whom I was brought up. He was Pastor of the same church fifty-four years. I come nearer having had the Pastoral care of fifty-four churches.

The first church over which I was installed by the Presbytery, as permanent Pastor, was at Healdsburg in the Spring of '60. I had organized the church two years previous, and supplied it a good deal, up to the period of my installation. The first time I visited Healdsburg was—as a son of the Emerald Isle would say—before it had existence. It was then known as Heald's

Store. Harmon Heald had established a store there, and had for a partner H. M. Wilson, now a wealthy and leading citizen. The only other buildings were Mr. Heald's residence, a blacksmith shop and saloon. A few months subsequent I visited the place again, and preached in a new building, partly finished, to be used as a hotel. By this time, scattering houses began to be erected upon both ends of the locality, known as Heald's Store. The first name by which the *village* was designated, was Stringtown. Mr. Heald laid his land out into town lots, and Healdsburg soon grew with astonishing rapidity. A few miles from Healdsburg, in Alexander valley, on Russian River, lived Mr. Cyrus Alexander. He had been an Elder in my church at Santa Rosa, and when I organized the church at Healdsburg, he transferred his connection to that church. He was a man of large wealth, and had a generous, liberal heart. The Presbyterian church on the Plaza, in Healdsburg, was very largely a gift from him. The Alexander Academy, in Healdsburg, was a donation from him to the Benicia Presbytery. He was one of the few men of great wealth, whom I ever met, that was sufficiently satisfied with his riches, as not to toil and strive for more. He deemed it his duty to take

care of the property which Providence had placed in his hands. Hence he was provident and economical. At the same time he was very generous and liberal. His early life was one of adventure and romance. When twenty-one, he left his native home in Pennsylvania, and sought the wilds of the Rocky Mountains, as a trapper of wild animals. Adventure and fortune were the prompting motives of his rough, perilous life. Furs then commanded a high price. Fortunes were sometimes rapidly accumulated by traffic in them.

John Jacob Astor commenced the accumulation of his vast fortune by dealing in furs. Before young Alexander's ardent eye, the star of hope burned brightly, for he anticipated the gratification of his love of adventure, and of riches. Amid the mountain wilds, he would encounter the bear, the panther, and the wild-cat; and when the perils would thicken around him, his courage would rise, and his spirits glow. And just as the mountain eagle loves to breast the dark tempest, and beat back, with strong wing, the whelming cloud, so would he exult amid the wildest tempests of peril which might break upon him. In the company of several others of the same daring and hope, they took their way into the desert wilds of

the mountains. They had not been in the mountains many months, till adverse fortune met them. While the star of their destiny seemed burning bright, hope buoyant, and their hearts light as the mountain air around them, suddenly the shadow of a dark cloud gathered over them. A horde of wild savages dashed in upon them. They escaped barely with their lives and guns. Their horses, blankets and provisions were all captured. They were a thousand miles away from the abodes of civilized man, and there was no other alternative than to start on a journey of a thousand miles towards the settlement. Amid snow, and hail, and sleet, without blankets or food, they toiled on their weary way. Fortunately, with their guns, they occasionally found a bird or some small game for food. Day after day, the weary little band toiled on their gloomy journey. Day by day the star of hope which had cheered them on, became more and more dim, and the cloud of gloom grew into a deeper darkness. At length, when despair began to gather blackness upon their path, they descried a group of horsemen upon the opposite hill. For a time, sickening horror seized upon them, for they supposed the horsemen were hostile savages. But what was their almost overpowering joy, when they dis-

covered that it was another hunting party who had providentially met them. But for this, the whole company must have perished, amid the snows and sleet of the mountain blasts and wintry storms. After remaining several years in the mountains, trapping for furs—satisfied with adventure, and finding no wealth, young Alexander found his way into California in 1833. On one occasion, while going down the Colorado river, with nine others in a boat, they were all upset. All could swim except Alexander, and all were drowned except him. He clung to the upset boat. The others struck off for the shore, but were overpowered by the strong current, and sunk to a watery grave. The boat floated down the river a long distance and struck on a bar, and he waded to the shore.

Protected by a kind Providence, he fell in with the Fitch family, and for his labor and fidelity, received a large tract of land on Russian river, Sonoma county. In a few years after the discovery of gold, he became immensely wealthy. Unlike many, who in their early years, led a roving, adventurous, perilous life, Mr. Alexander was always sober, sedate, and retiring. He was never profane, intemperate, or in any way immoral. He was not, until

recent years, a professor of religion, but had a native element of intellect and heart, that produced an external deportment as correct as any Christian. In '56, he made a public profession of religion and joined the Presbyterian Church. A few years before he died, he received a shock of paralysis that shattered his strong frame, so that it soon became evident that the earthly tabernacle would ere long crumble into the dust. As it often happens to those who have been remarkably strong, he lingered on until the mind became enfeebled with the body, and at times he did not recognize his most familiar friends. But when he left this world, he undoubtedly entered into that rest that remaineth for the people of God. He is now where paralysis can never touch the soul; where the mountains of glory afford him happier bliss than he ever dreamed he could enjoy on the mountains of earth. He was the best friend I have ever had. To him under Providence I am indebted for a quiet home, where I can spend the evening of life serenely beneath shady bowers; under my own vine and fig-tree, where none can molest and make me afraid. Next to my own parents or kindred, I never expect to retain so cherished and grateful a memory of any one, as of Cyrus Alexander.

One of the happiest death-bed scenes which I have ever known, occurred at Healdsburg. Miss Hettie Blundell had just bloomed into the maturity of young womanhood, when an insidious, flattering disease began to lurk along her pathway in pursuit of her young life. Like a tiger in pursuit of his prey and not quite sure of it, this disease, with soft and velvet-like tread, crept slowly along, until at length, as if sure of its victim, with one sudden bound it seized upon her, and she found herself in the merciless embrace of that fell destroyer, consumption. In vain the struggle, to tear loose from its terrible grasp. As the gentle fawn in the crushing folds of the terrible anaconda, slowly but surely yields up his life, so her strength daily became more and more enfeebled. True her soft, mild eye became brighter, and her cheek, always radiant, bloomed in richer beauty; yet these were the heralds of the approach of death. As her frail bark glided on toward the eternal shores, and she could see the breakers dashing upon the dark rocks of death, she felt the need of a Pilot. She knew that when her sun should set, she must enter the unknown sea beyond, and her anxious inquiry was "What must I do to be saved?" A child of prayer and blessed with early religious

instruction, she knew, theoretically, the plan of salvation; but experimentally, the light of its glory had not yet broken in upon her happy spirit. She knew that "Except a man be born again, he cannot enter the Kingdom of God." But her soul had not yet thrilled with the joy of the new birth. Over her sky, the Sun of Righteousness did not seem to rise and pour its golden light upon her pathway; but grace enabled her to trust. This was the anchor that held her to a safe mooring. Trust and love are the two beautiful angels that wing their way to the imprisoned spirit, and break off the chains of gloom. As she neared the eternal world, her faith in Christ became stronger; still the light of heavenly joy did not spread through her soul as she desired. I visited her a few days before her death. To my inquiry if she could trust the Saviour, her reply was "Yes, but I do not feel as I could wish." I explained to her the plan of salvation. God requires of us perfect obedience, and threatens us with punishment for disobedience. All have disobeyed, and hence all have incurred the punishment. But Christ came into the world, and as our substitute received the punishment for us. Not only has he, as our substitute and surety, received the punishment for us, but he has also rendered obedience to the law for us, and thus made

a complete and perfect atonement for us, so that, if we now accept him as our Saviour, our sins are forgiven, and we are treated as though we had done what He, as our surety, has done for us. Hence, the Bible says: "Believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved." I talked with her and prayed with her. When I bade her farewell, I assured her, upon the truth of God's promise, that if she would continue to trust in Christ as her Saviour, all would be well with her. A few days after, as her mother was sitting upon one side of the bed, and her brother upon the other, she suddenly exclaimed, "Jesus has come." And sudden as morning sunshine falls upon the mountain brow, her face was radiant with the glow of an unearthly joy. A flooding light of glory, as though bright from off the burning throne, seemed to fall upon her features, and no angel could look happier or more brightly beautiful. This smile of ineffable joy continued to play upon her features until the soul winged its flight to the world of glory. In a few hours after her exclamation "Jesus has come," it was evident she was dying. When apprised of this, she sent an invitation to all her young friends, to come and see her, that she might bid them all a tender farewell. A great number of young people gathered to that dying room. But oh,

how little like a death-chamber did that room appear. Rather did it appear like the outer porch of the Temple of Glory. At her request, select and beautiful songs of Zion were sung, and she had a kind word of exhortation, and a tender farewell for all her young friends. In the midst of the death agony, again and again she exclaimed, "Oh, it is sweet to die, it is sweet to die." During four long, lingering hours, her wasted form trembled in the quivering agonies of a slow, lingering death. Yet, all the time her face was lighted up with an ineffable smile of joy, and she frequently exclaimed: "Oh, it is sweet to die, it is sweet to die." Her eyes beamed with calm delight, as she seemed to gaze far away into the infinite depths of immensity. And as the soul was finally released from the body—

> "Her eyes set as sets the morning star.
> Which goes not down behind the darkened West,
> But melts away into the light of heaven."

What are all earthly riches, and jeweled crowns, and ivory thrones, compared with such a death? Give me power in my dying moments to say, "Oh, it is sweet to die," and I ask not that my name ever be spoken by the voice of fame, or enrolled upon the records of earthly honors. Let me see in the hands of my Saviour

a crown of glory to be placed upon my brow as I come into his presence, and all earthly crowns shall be like chaff and summer dust. Let me hear the music of angels cheering my disembodied spirit on its way through the realms of space towards the portals of glory, and farewell the faintest wish to hear any trumpet of earthly fame. And yet, by simple faith in Christ, we are prepared for a destiny more brilliant than pen can write, or tongue can speak, or loftiest angel form any conception of. A more triumphant flight of glory awaits us than angelic harp ever celebrated before the throne of God in heaven. For the time will come when we shall soar upward higher and yet higher toward the lofty heights of infinite glory.

Supplying our church in Virginia City, a short time, in the Autumn of '75, I witnessed the terrible fire which laid the main business portion of the city in ashes. The alarm was given early in the morning, just after daylight. A fierce, strong wind was blowing down from Mt. Davidson, and the flames swept with terrible rapidity. As I stood on the hill-side I could see the flames leap from roof to roof, and immediately rolling billows would surge into the air as though seeking to enwrap the skies. It was a fearful sight to see the rolling,

billowy waves of fire enwrapping hotels, banks, mansions, cottages, school-houses and churches, whelming them in ruin, as some vast tidal wave would sweep away a village upon the sea-shore. I saw the flame wreathe around the Methodist Church as a winding sheet, and soon it was buried in ashes. Next the Episcopal Church was wrapt in sheeted fire, and in a few minutes was laid in the dust. The Catholic Church was brick, and a vast throng of its members worked with fierce energy, but soon the spire was in flames, and the roof blazed, and in a very short time it fell in. At one time it seemed inevitable that the Presbyterian Church would be destroyed. But it was a little out of the range of the fiery tornado and hence escaped. So, also, the Baptist Church.

It seemed wonderful that in such a wild chaos of whelming strife, so few accidents occurred. The streets were filled with people, rushing to and fro in wild haste; at the same time horses and wagons would rush, tearing on in the midst of the crowds, carrying fragments of furniture and shattered goods. The telegraph wire fell into the street, and sometimes horses would get their feet entangled in it, and rear and plunge. The walls of brick buildings were falling, sometimes entirely across the street, burying everything

beneath them. Women were crying, children screaming, men rushing, and occasionally the hideous howling of a drunken hoodlum would mingle in with the wild and stormy tumult. An alarm would be given that a building was about to be blown up; then there would be a pell-mell running for dear life, men, women and children sweeping on like a torrent down the mountain side. Yet, only two serious accidents occurred. One man was killed by a brick wall falling on him, and another severely injured. Probably no city in the world, of its size, has as great wealth as Virginia City, Nevada. Nearly all the fine mansions were burned, consequently a vast amount of rich and costly furniture. One man had six thousand dollars worth in four rooms. One bedstead cost a thousand dollars. Rich furniture, fine pianos, costly mirrors, were strewn along by the sides of the streets, in the outskirts of the city. A great deal of costly furniture was burned after being taken for safety into the streets. In the main business part of the city, the fire was so rapid, and the heat so terrible, that nothing could be saved. But, at length, the fiery tornado ceased, and night gathered down upon the desolation. Now, drinking and fighting, were mingled in with the wild scenes; the military were called out, and martial law proclaimed. It was one of the

wildest nights this earth ever witnessed. The winds increased and blew with terrible power. A cloud of intense blackness gathered over the city, and some of the large stores filled with combustible goods, were yet burning, throwing their ghastly glare upon the black heavens, while the bacchanalian songs of drunken men, with an interspersing of voices of loose women, mingling with the howling tempest, made it one of the wildest nights ever witnessed. But towards morning the winds ceased, showers descended, the drunken songs were hushed, and the angel of peace and quiet hovered over the city.

The next day, a colored man, a natural genius, the regular town crier for auctions, shows, political meetings and public gatherings generally, was walking through the streets, ringing a large hand-bell and crying out with powerful voice, "Har! Ye! Har! Ye! Thar's a car-load of abundance at the depot. De Lord chastens dem he lobeth. But don't dare to put down dis catas-trophy to any sich a cause. Thar's oceans of provisions at de depot for de hungry, which, like Divine grace, can be had widout money, and widout price."

Before the fire ceased to burn, the people of Carson City, sixteen miles away, were collect-

ing provisions, blankets, bedding and coin, for their neighbors, whom they knew would be in destitution. They collected and forwarded four thousand dollars worth while the embers were yet smoldering. Such was Carson's sympathy and generosity. It is a small city of four thousand inhabitants, but full of noble and generous hearts.

"Was he one of the celebrities?" asked a soft and musical voice, in an elegantly furnished parlor in San Francisco. As she spoke, snowy plumes waved over her fair brow. As she lifted her hand to adjust a straying ringlet, blazing diamonds flashed upon her delicate fingers. While she was asking questions about the clergyman—a plain, unostentatious man, who had preached on the Sabbath previous—her husband on the other side of the parlor, was talking about his city lots, bonds, mortgages and vast enterprises of business. In a little lull of the conversation, she repeated, in a kind of soliloquy, "And he is one of the celebrities." I answered, "Yes, madam, he is a plain, simple-hearted man, but he is one of the celebrities. His name stands high upon the records of immortality. Heaven has often resounded with angel's shouts over repenting sinners brought to salvation through his instrumentality. In

the hands of the Saviour, is a crown awaiting to be placed upon his brow, infinitely more resplendent than ever adorned the brow of earthly monarch. They, who win souls to Christ, shall shine as stars in heaven. One soul is of more value than all the gold of Ophir."

How little do we appreciate the greatness and majesty of the soul. Take *thought*, one of its attributes; it may almost fill immensity; it may turn in upon the mind itself, and trace through all the labyrinthian mazes of will, volition and association, and then turn upon the external world and trace events up to their origin, and be present with every great event that has transpired upon the earth. It may be present upon every battle-field recorded in history; at the laying of the foundation of every city, and overturning of every empire. Thought may go back to the commencement of the creation, and follow the rising world into being. It may be present at the rolling away of the vapors, on the morning of creation, with the spreading the green grass over the plains and the clothing the hills with forests. It may notice the first twinkling star that sparkles in the vault of heaven, and observe the first sunbeam that falls upon the bosom of the earth. Not only may thought range over all the fields of

creation, fly with the morning light, ride upon the lightning's wing, take its way with the blazing comet into the depths of space, but it may soar to heaven, and dwell with the burning seraph before the throne of God, or accompany the angel in its flight of glory over the fields of immensity, and then return and dwell in the bosom of man.

Another attribute of the soul, is emotion. Its power is wonderful. Who has not had the heart to throb, the eye to weep, the bosom to heave with almost overpowering emotion. It has left the foot-prints of time upon the cheek of the young, and scattered the gray hairs of hoary age over the head of the youthful. The head of a young man turned white as snow in one night, from emotion caused by killing a bosom friend in a duel, and learning almost immediately that the fault was all his own.

When death, which always leaves desolation in its track, has come and torn from the side one around whom clung and clustered all the warm and tender emotions of a loving heart, in this sad hour, who has not felt that the soul possessed a deep overmastering power of emotion.

And the soul is immortal. After the sun, moon, and stars shall have gone out in dark-

ness, and the mantle of oblivion shall have enwrapped the created universe back to its original nothingness; still the soul will live on. It will live as long as the eternal throne of God shall stand. Through eternity it will be either a seraph of glory, ranging over the hills of immortal light, or a demon of despair, forever wandering through the gloom of eternal night. And those who are instrumental in saving even one soul, will eventually be exalted far above all the crowned heads, and throned monarchs, and laureled poets of earth. The work of saving souls, is the noblest in which man or angel ever engaged. The soul that is saved when separated from the body, as in its upward flight, it shall catch the first glimmerings of glory from the great white throne, will experience a thrill of rapture, compared with which, the most throbbing pulsations of joy on earth were dull and insipid. And, as it approaches the borders of the world of light, the symphonies of golden harps will roll upon it the thrillings of an infinitely more than mortal rapture. On it will sweep its flight across the battlements of glory, and past the shining ranks of angels and archangels, into the immediate presence of Jehovah, where he displays his infinite majesty and glory. Hovering there in fluttering ecstacy, gazing in holy rapture upon immaculate purity,

it drinks in the full fruition of eternal bliss. Then the soul is prepared to wing its flight over the fields of light and glory forever. It was to aid the soul in obtaining this brilliant destiny, that the clergyman labored, to whom the lady referred when she asked: "Is he one of the celebrities?"

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CHAPTER XIII.

A Sermon.

This sermon was preached by me at Stockton, May 5th, '50, at the dedication of the church spoken of in the fore part of this volume. It was the first Presbyterian Church built in California. The Sermon was printed in pamphlet form.

Text, John 18: 38.—What is Truth.

This language was addressed by Pilate to Christ on his trial before Pilate's bar. When a citizen is arraigned before any tribunal to be tried for his life, usually much interest will be elicited. And there will be an increased inter-

est, if before the charge on which he is arraigned, the man had always sustained a high character for integrity and virtue. And still will the interest be heightened, if the trial is to be before an august and imposing tribunal.

When Warren Hastings was to be tried upon the charge of cruelty and oppression in the administration of government in India, the tribunal before which he appeared was of the most august character. The nobility, the talents, the learning, the beauty and splendor of all Britain were congregated in the immense hall of trial. Gold and diamonds and gorgeous vestments glittered and flashed in dazzling splendors over the vast assembly. But august and imposing as was that tribunal, and thrilling as was the interest, there were scenes and circumstances connected with the trial of Christ at Pilate's bar, of more thrilling interest and more momentous consequences than any ever witnessed on earth. Here was arraigned on trial for life, a man of such faultless integrity and spotless purity, that the bitterest enemy could not bring the slightest charge of guilt. The ground on which they sought his death, was, that he claimed to be the Son of God—the Messiah long promised in prophecy. Of faultless integrity and spotless purity, every

act of his life proclaimed him free from the slightest taint of sin. He had shown himself invested with power, such as clothed no created being. He had performed miracles, and nothing but the creative energies of omnipotent power could do this. To his holy character his birth, his miraculous powers, all the prophecies of the Old Testament converged as to a focal point, lighting up a blaze of truth sufficiently overwhelming to convince a world of infidelity. On the event of his birth the shining throngs of glorious angels descended from their thrones of light in heaven, and in choral bands hovered over Bethlehem, singing the Saviour's natal song, "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth and good will to men." Even the devils from the dark pit acknowledged his power, and fled before him. But, notwithstanding heaven and earth poured a flood of light upon his Messiahship, still the mad infatuation which sin had wrought in the hearts of the Jews, induced them to reject all this combined and overwhelming testimony, and seek the death of the Son of God. And when Pilate, a pagan, a heathen prince, ventured to remind them of the reckless rashness of trifling with the high purposes of holy heaven, and spoke of the apprehensions which he had personally of safety, should he engage in this

unholy iniquity; with one accord they call down the terrific maledictions of an insulted God upon themselves and upon their children, only let him pass sentence of death upon Christ. Oh, what a spectacle was here! Be astonished, O ye heavens, and give ear, oh, earth!

Before a spacious palace in a busy and thronged street in the city of Jerusalem, is gathered a crowd, and there is the hum and the buzz, and the restlessness of intense excitement. Throngs have crowded into the immense halls of the palace. On a throne lined with the richest tapestry, gorgeous and splendid with cloth of gold, is seated Pilate. His brow is burdened with a crown heavy with gold and diamonds; and he is enrobed in the dazzling vestments of his kingly office. On either hand are the officers of state, all clothed in the brilliant and dazzling robes of their high station. Before the throne stands a rude band of rough, stern soldiers. But who is that in their midst whom they guard as a prisoner on trial for life. He is clothed in a coarse, plain garment woven without a seam. His visage is marred and care-worn, but there is a heaven-breathing benevolence in his eye, and a calm dignity in his mien, and about him there is the majesty so

much of a God, that a breathless awe, for a time, settles down upon the crowded assembly. Who is this thus a prisoner? It is the immaculate Son of God. It is he, who in the bosom of the Father, had ever dwelt in the sublime solitudes of eternity. It is he, before whom the tallest archangel in heaven had ever bowed low in adoring reverence, and who had ever received the loud anthems of praise from the whole glorious band of cherubim and seraphim on high. Whose birth, when he condescended to become the Saviour of a lost world, was hailed by the pealing hosannas of the angels of the celestial paradise; and who, during his whole sojourn on earth, bestowed every charity upon the sorrowing and afflicted; had healed the sick, cured the lame, restored the blind to sight, and deaf to hearing, had cast out devils, cured the maniac, and brought the dead to life and restored them to their weeping friends. And now here he stands before an impotent mortal, on trial for life. No wonder the hall is crowded, and an immense throng gathers without, and an intense excitement prevails. For many doubtless are there who had been the objects of his charity, and the subjects of his healing power; had been cured of their lameness, or deafness, or blindness, and had had created in their hearts the

warm, cheering hopes of an eternity of bliss in the paradise of God.

In mock solemnity the trial proceeds. It is but a mock trial, for not a breath of accusation of guilt can be brought against him. The only ground upon which they make effort to condemn him is, that he claims to be the promised Messiah, the King of Israel. Pilate, gathering himself up, upon the throne, in affected sternness, puts the question, "Art thou a king?" In calm dignity the Redeemer replies, "Thou sayest: I am a king, to this end was I born, and for this cause came I into the world, that I bear witness unto the truth. Every one that is of the truth heareth my voice." Clothed in the majesty of the Son of God and replying thus that he was the king of the promised kingdom of truth, Pilate was embarrassed, and meekly asked—"What is truth?"

A still and solemn pause, the stillness almost of death reigns over that vast assembly. No reply breaks from any lip. Before Pilate stands the embodiment of truth. The way, the truth, and the life, stands before him in all the majesty of divinity. Awe-struck, Pilate rises pale and thoughtful from his throne, and goes out to the Jews and expostulates with them, telling them he finds no fault in Christ.

We purpose, in the remaining portion of this discourse, to develope the proposition—"*What is truth?*"

Of course we do not propose any development of it as applying to science, or philosophy, or literature, but as applicable to Christianity. What is the truth of Christianity?

I. Christ is the great embodiment of truth. This is the great truth around which revolve all the other truths of salvation. The divinity of Christ is the sun around which revolve the lesser lights of truth. Strike it from the system, and all is wrapped in darkness, and you sweep hope from the view of man.

The truth of Christianity is founded upon that of Christ's divinity. And that Christ was divine, that he was God, is evident from the fact of his being adored and worshiped by the apostles and disciples. To worship any but God is idolatry—a sin against which the heaviest maledictions of heaven are denounced. Were it idolatry, then, to worship any but God, the apostles and disciples would not have worshiped him had he not been God. They could not have been under delusion and supposed him to be God when he was not, for they were under the guidance of the inspirations of the Holy Spirit. Nor would Christ have

received their worship had he not been divine, for this would have been to usurp the throne of God, while but a creature, and to sanction idolatry in the disciples. No human being, unless he were most deeply depraved, would dare receive the worship belonging to Deity. Herod allowed himself to be *called* God, and was miserably destroyed by loathsome worms. When John, in his exile, was in the island of Patmos, an angel descended from heaven and stood before him; and such were the magnificent splendors with which he was clothed that the Apostle mistook him for the Great Jehovah, and fell down to worship him. But the angel would not receive his worship, but reached forth his hand and lifted him up and commanded him to worship God. Nor would Christ have received the worship of the apostles and disciples had he been but a created being. For it would have been the most daring blasphemy on his part, and have confirmed his followers in idolatry. The worship of the Saviour, then, proves his divinity, and establishes Christianity.

II. The performance of miracles by Christ, proves his divinity, and establishes Christianity. A miracle is a supernatural work—a suspension of, or deviation from, the laws of nature. And it is plain that none but He who sits upon the

topmost circle of the heavens and rolls on the mighty machinery of the created universe, could suspend the operations of that machinery, or change any of its motions. Were you now to behold the sun rolling upon his burning car up the western heavens, and standing in the meridian height in his full strength and majesty for twenty-four hours, would any one doubt that it was the arm of the Almighty, which had effected this phenomenon. Or were you to see the lifeless and decaying corpse unshroud itself and rise up in all the strength and vigor of perfect health, would you not believe it was God who had breathed into his nostrils the breath of life again? Here would be a deviation from the laws of nature, and miracles would be performed.

That Christ performed miracles, none who lived in the times of the Saviour and apostles, ever disputed. His bitterest enemies admitted that he performed miracles, but declared that he did it through the agency of Satan. It was reserved for the renowned era of the eighteenth century to make the proud discovery that all history is a fable. Mr. Hume, a bitter infidel, elegant and accomplished as he was as a scholar, ignobly immortalized his name in adducing one of the feeblest and slightest arguments to prove

that miracles are never performed. His celebrated argument against miracles, when divested of its unmeaning accompaniments, is simply this. It is our experience that the laws of nature never deviate from their regular course, it is our experience that human testimony is often false; therefore no amount of human testimony is sufficient to establish that the laws of nature ever did deviate from their regular course, and hence there never were miracles performed. Now let us apply this argument. A man who is in Boston and has had much experience in sailing around its harbor, is told that on the coast of Norway is an immense maelstrom, which, in its mighty power, swallows up ships or even fleets if they come within its embrace. He immediately becomes skeptical, and raises objections and arguments to prove this story of the maelstrom all a fable. He says: It is my experience that the ocean does not present such a phenomenon as a whirlpool; it is my experience that human testimony is often false; and hence no amount of human testimony is sufficient to establish the proof of there being a whirlpool, and consequently there is no such maelstrom. Now he has proved there is no maelstrom on the Norway coast, just as Mr. Hume proved there never had been any miracles.

A man who has traveled but little from home, is told on abundant testimony, that a large and immense wall skirts a portion of China, extending fifteen hundred miles. He immediately raises an objection. It is his experience that boundary lines between countries are not marked by such walls—it is his experience that human testimony is often false, and hence no amount of testimony is sufficient to establish the fact of the existence of the Chinese wall, consequently the story is all a fable. A very silly argument. Yet it is Mr. Hume's argument against miracles applied to the Chinese wall.

The man who denies the existence of the maelstrom, and the man who denies the existence of the Chinese wall, were both exceedingly puerile in their argument of experience in proof of their positions. For in order to their experience being of any weight, it was necessary that the one should have been in every place over the broad bosom of the mighty ocean, or he could not tell but that at some point where he had not been, there was the phenomenon of a whirlpool. The other must have been at every point over the face of the whole earth, or he could not tell from *experience* but that at some place such walls as the Chinese, did exist. It was exceedingly puerile, therefore, to put

experience, as the test, when their experience did not extend but into a near neighborhood from home. So with Mr. Hume, if he made his *experience* a test, it was necessary that he should have lived from the first creation, and been everywhere present, at all times, wherever the laws of nature were in operation; otherwise his *experience* were no test. How could he tell by *experience* what the laws of nature were, or how they had operated during the nearly six thousand years previous to his existence? Or how could he know from *experience* that the laws of nature did not deviate from their regular course in other parts of the world during his own lifetime. He might know from human testimony, but he rejects all testimony, and relies upon his experience; and doing this, he could not know what the operations of the laws of nature were, beyond the limits of his own personal observation. Mr. Hume's great sophism consisted in his *assuming* the very thing to be *proved*. If he denied the existence of miracles, it was incumbent on him to prove that there never had been a deviation of the laws of nature from their regular course. But instead of proving this, he *assumed* it, not only without any *proof*, but with the most *abundant testimony* against him.

Suppose a man arraigned at your bar of justice on trial for theft. There is the most abundant testimony of his guilt. Numerous respectable witnesses testify to his crime. His lawyer rises before the judge and jury, and employs this argument: It is my experience that my client is an honest man; it is my experience that human testimony is often false; and hence no amount of human testimony is sufficient to establish his guilt, therefore he is innocent. Here the lawyer has *assumed* the very thing to be proved, and then rejected all opposing testimony. Just so Mr. Hume. He says: It is our experience that the laws of nature never deviate from their regular course; it is our experience that human testimony is often false; and hence no amount of human testimony is sufficient to establish that the laws of nature ever did deviate from their regular course; and therefore there never were any miracles. Here he *assumes* the very thing to be proved, and then rejects all opposing testimony, and has proved there never were any miracles in precisely the same way that the lawyer proved his thieving client was an honest man. Hume was as destitute of candor and logic, when arguing against Christianity, as he was when arguing in favor of the tyrant, Charles the First. As the gifted and accomplished Macaulay has

said, "Hume hated religion so much that he hated freedom when associated with it, and hence became the advocate of tyranny."

He so bitterly hated religion that he risked the sacrifice of his reputation as a logician and an honest man, with the vain hope of giving a fatal stab to Christianity.

But the miracles of Christ, sustained by the most convincing testimony of history, both sacred and profane, performed in the midst of those who were the bitterest enemies of the Redeemer without being disputed, these miracles will stand, the lofty monuments of the truth of the descent of the Son of God from heaven, and of his establishment of Christianity upon this curse-doomed earth. And as the weary traveler across the bosom of time, shall become lost in the mists and sophisms of error, he shall catch a glimpse of their lofty summits and be guided into the way of saving truth. And as he presses on in pursuit of truth, the light of a heaven-born Christianity shall blaze upon his darkened pathway, and shall enkindle decaying hope afresh in his saddened heart, and he shall find himself in the enrapturing embrace of a mighty power that will bear him triumphantly through every trial of life and plant him down amid the soul-ravishing scenes of

glory in heaven. And these imperishable monuments of truth, erected by the hand of Almighty God, shall stand while time shall last; and when the earth crumbles in the fires of the last great conflagration, they shall be translated to the kingdom of truth above. And far on in the coming ages of eternity shall the rescued of earth look back from their high seats of glory and behold in the distant past, these beacon lights which guided them through the darkness of error, across the bosom of time, to a happy and blissful eternity.

III. The truth of Christianity is evinced by its effects. It possesses a transforming power, such as no system ever possessed which originated with man. Philosophers and wise men of past ages, made effort to establish principles from which to evolve systems of morals, to improve and renovate human character. But their systems were powerless in effecting any radical change in man. The most they could do, was, to prune off some of the external vices. The heart, the fountain of evil, was left unpurified. A decent external deportment might have been effected, but all the affections were untouched; and man was as selfish, as sensual, as vindictive, as proud, passionate, and ungodly as before.

Nor did their systems have the power to affect the masses even in external decencies. A few, gifted with intellectual vigor sufficient to appreciate their philosophy, made effort to cut off some of their external vices, but it was only like pruning off a few branches of a vigorous tree, instead of striking at the root. But Christianity is not thus powerless to renovate human character, nor is its influence confined to the outward deportment; but it reaches and changes the heart. It makes the proud man humble; the sensual man pure; the vindictive man forgiving; the passionate, quarrelsome man meek and quiet; the selfish man benevolent; the drinking man sober, and the fraudulent man honest. It transforms the heart, and causes that bitter fountain of iniquity to send forth streams of charity and purity and love.

Its precepts and principles are adapted to the weakest capacity, and yet the most gifted intellect cannot scan its sublimities. It is planted on earth, but its top towers away in loftiest majesty to the highest heavens. And yet the feeblest mortal may find his way upward, and taking his ascending course, be borne on up to its celestial heights, by the unfailing power of Him who is its great author.

Who has not witnessed the wonderful transformations wrought upon man by the power of Christianity. It often finds men possessed of a spirit which in dark and fiendish malice might well measure with the leading fiend of perdition. Envious, jealous, quarrelsome, passionate, vindictive, sottish, cruel, hating everybody, and in every way depraved. Thus does Christianity often find man; but in its transforming power it changes all these vile qualities. It throws its power upon the heart, and purifies and cleanses the fountain. Like the scalpel, it cuts off the moral gangrene, and by the healings of grace restores the wound. Brought through the refining fires of deep repentance and godly sorrow, he is purified from the vile dross of his ungodly nature. As the refining furnace separates the impure earths from the gold, so the refining fires of the Holy Spirit separates depravity from the heart. And he who was under the influence of furious and hellish passions, and moved in the unblushing nakedness of his depravity, is now clothed and in his right mind, and sits meekly at the feet of his Saviour. And though but a short time since he stalked abroad in society like an enraged fiend broken loose from the prison-house of despair, now with quiet mien, and calm de-

portment, and friendly and pleasant aspect, he passes about among his fellow-men.

Much has been said of late, especially in the States, of the virtues of temperance; nor can too much be said in its praise. It has alleviated suffering and sorrow, demanding the highest tribute of commendation. Many a wife, whose scalding tears have mingled with her scanty meal, not half sufficient to satisfy the cravings of hunger, and whose heart has bled with anguish when her children have cried in vain for bread denied them by a drunken father, has had her heart made to dance with joy, as her intemperate husband has been restored to the paths of sobriety, by means of temperance organizations. And many a young man who had opened his course in life under the most flattering auspices, with a bright prospect of attaining to the most brilliant position in society, but by intemperate habits, had blighted every hope, and almost brought down the gray hairs of his sorrowing parents to the grave, has by amendment and reformation, again cheered the hearts of his aged parents, and smoothed their passage on the down-hill of life, and has brought back over his own prospects the bright and glowing sunshine of prosperity.

The young wife in the higher circles, whose heart beat high with the proud hope of attaining distinction with her gifted husband, but has seen a dark cloud gather over the cheering prospects, by the insidious footsteps of the fell destroyer, has again felt her bosom glow with a warmer joy, when she has seen her loved companion manfully shake off the strong-armed foe, and become a sober man. And too much cannot be said in its praise. But temperance is to Christianity what the dim star of night is to the burning sun of day. If, when the blue sky broadly arched over us at night, but a single star twinkled in its vault, that star would be to the sun in his noonday glory, what temperance is to Christianity.

If a man were traveling across the open plains, with no obstruction in his way, the single star of night might be a sufficient guide. But when he should come to thick, dark swamps, lining a deep and rapid and dangerous river, then would he need the light of the sun of day. So in traveling across the smooth and unobstructed plains of life, he may find but little difficulty in his journeyings under the guidance of temperance and morality. But when he reaches the dark and chilling swamps of the last distressing sickness, and stands trembling

on the gloomy banks of the cold, dark river of death, then will he need the aid and support of the light of Christianity. In that last sad and trying hour, nothing will sustain him but an experimental Christianity. Nothing but the omnipotent arm of the Redeemer can bear him up, as he enters the chilling waves of the frightful river of death. Many a stout heart, unsustained by religion, has quailed when its cold waters have dashed upon his feet, and with a wild shriek of despair has sunk and disappeared forever. And many a timid female, who in life was shocked with fear from the slightest cause —leaning upon the arm of the Redeemer, has boldly breasted the cold flood, and the emancipated spirit has been safely and happily planted down upon the high battlements of glory above. Oh, who would not embrace Christianity! Surely it is true. It is known by its effects.

It has wrought the same transformation and elevation of nations as individuals. Wherever a pure Christianity has gone forth into the midst of a nation, it has enkindled a blaze of light before which the darkness of ignorance and error has rolled rapidly away. Few have been the nations before whose false gods, children have not been offered up on the altar of sacrifice. Multitudes of mothers in almost all

heathen countries, have been compelled to give up their children, and see their innocent blood flow upon the sacrificial altar before the dark idols. But wherever a nation has been visited and blessed with Christianity, instead of human sacrifices, has been substituted the sacrifice of a broken heart, and a broken and contrite spirit. Instead of those obscene rites in their idol temples, which they called worship, has been substituted the spiritual worship of the true and living God. Instead of the darkness of ignorance and degradation, has been substituted the light of science and civilization. Instead of the gloom that settled down upon the grave, and filled the heart with despair, was seen gathering a light which had come down from heaven, and taught that there was a resurrection from the tomb and an immortal existence of blessedness beyond the grave.

Strange that Christianity should ever meet with opposition. It proposes nothing but happiness. It requires nothing of man, but that he do for himself, that which, in the end, will procure for him the greatest amount of felicity. Already it has enkindled in millions of hearts, hopes and joys which earth could never impart, and which will have their full consummation in the infinite blessedness of eternity. Myriads

of immortal beings, capable of enduring untold agonies, or of enjoying unspeakable felicity. have, while under the heavy wrath of an insulted heaven, been rescued by Christianity, and this very day in heaven sweep the golden lyre in loftiest strains to the praise of redeeming love.

And were Christianity exiled from earth, and its remembrance blotted from every heart, backward again would roll the darkness of moral night over the world, and whelm it in impenetrable gloom. And on nearly every hill-top, would be erected a dark temple of idolatry, consecrated to the service of the prince of darkness. In many a beautiful valley would stand the hideous image of a burning Moloch, and frightful screams of dying children in his burning embrace, would echo along the mountain sides—and across our fertile plains would roll many an idol car, beneath whose massive wheels, infatuated mortals would throw themselves with the vain hope of appeasing some offended false deity; and scarce would a generation pass by, ere dread terrors would nestle in every bosom, and the incipient gloom of despair would settle down upon every heart; and the sackcloth of mourning and the black pall of death would shroud the earth in gloom and whelm it in hopeless, starless night.

And to each individual who does not embrace Christianity, and make a personal application of it to himself, it will be the same as though the Son of God had never established it on earth. And oh, you will feel the need of it when, at the end of life, you feel the terrible workings of dissolution. As, in the misty darkness of death, the earth, with all you have gathered of wealth or fame upon it, shall begin to recede and disappear from your view, and feel your grasp upon life unloosing, and you shall hang trembling over the deep and boundless eternity, oh, then will you feel the need of a personal interest in Christianity, then will you most intensely wish you were a subject of saving grace and truth.

It is to aid in the establishment of Christianity here and its dissemination upon these distant shores, that this house of worship has been erected, and we this day solemnly dedicate it to the worship of God. It is hoped that from this pulpit will ever be uttered the solemn and glorious truths of salvation—that the minister will ever raise his voice in behalf of Calvary, and endeavor to arrest the attention of mankind, and turn their wandering gaze to the bleeding spectacle of the Saviour upon the cross. He should speak much, and dwell long upon

the infinite atonement of a dying Redeemer, of that unquenchable love that burned in the bosom of the Saviour while yet a resident of the mansions of glory, and which brought him down from the high realms of light to this sin-doomed earth. He should endeavor to entice mankind away from sin by the exhibition of the loveliness, and glory, and felicity of heaven. He should also fearlessly tell the wicked that unless they repent they shall all likewise perish; and should ring in the ears of the workers of iniquity, that if from their wickedness, and ungodliness, there goes up insult to heaven—from a holy and righteous God, there will come from heaven, a burning wrath that will blast them into the lowest perdition. By the aid of all these appliances should he endeavor to wrest from the grasp of the evil one, the immortal souls of those who come within the circle of his influence. But a few years since, and but little was known of this country save what was told us by travelers. They told us of the blandness of its climate, the beauty of its skies, the charm of its scenery and the probable productiveness of its soil, and not one of a thousand now here ever dreamed of treading upon these shores. But in his strange and mysterious providence, God has laid bare the bosom of the mountain,

and there, in glittering gold, has presented an attraction that has brought thousands upon thousands flocking hither. As if by the wonders of some mighty magic, a vast population have sprung upon these shores, and have built towns, and constructed roads, and navigated rivers, and entered upon a most stirring and active commerce. Here is in active operation, the great machinery of a vast and mighty enterprise. *Unparalleled in the history of the world is the march of progress in California.*

Tremendous energies are here at work; and from these operations may evolve results and consequences that will tell mightily upon the destinies of the world.

Instead of being a remote, and almost unknown, and uncared for portion of the globe, with but a few scattering sons of Spain, and a few enterprising adventurers, and a few tribes of wretchedly degraded Indians, it now in the short space of two years has become a central spot of earth; where almost all nations of the world have their representatives congregated.

And now, if the religion of Jesus Christ take powerful possession of the heart, from here will arise a light, which, in its mighty sweep, will

throw its irradiating blaze far across the waters of the broad Pacific, and shed its bright and glowing beams down into the gloom of the dark temples of idolatry on the shores of China and Hindostan. Let the religion of Jesus Christ exert but its legitimate influence, and it may reasonably be hoped that the Chinaman may find his heart cheered by the light of Christian truth, and may carry these truths back to his native land, to bless the multitudes of his kindred and people. So the Hindoo, aided by the light of a Christian revelation, may behold himself enthralled in the shackles of Mahommedanism, and may arise and shake off the gloom of idolatry from his soul, and carry back to his benighted countrymen the glad tidings, that he has found the true Saviour who can pardon every sin.

Such is the hope and such the prayer of many a Christian heart. And the time may yet come when there shall be witnessed, here in California, such powerful revivals of religion as were witnessed in New England in the time of Jonathan Edwards; when there shall be such an overpowering work of grace, that many who now regard themselves as the manliest foes of the Redeemer, will fall before the might of his overcoming power and cry for mercy. Ere

many years pass by, there may arise over us a cloud of mercy from which shall burst such showers of grace as the most prayerful hardly now dare hope for.

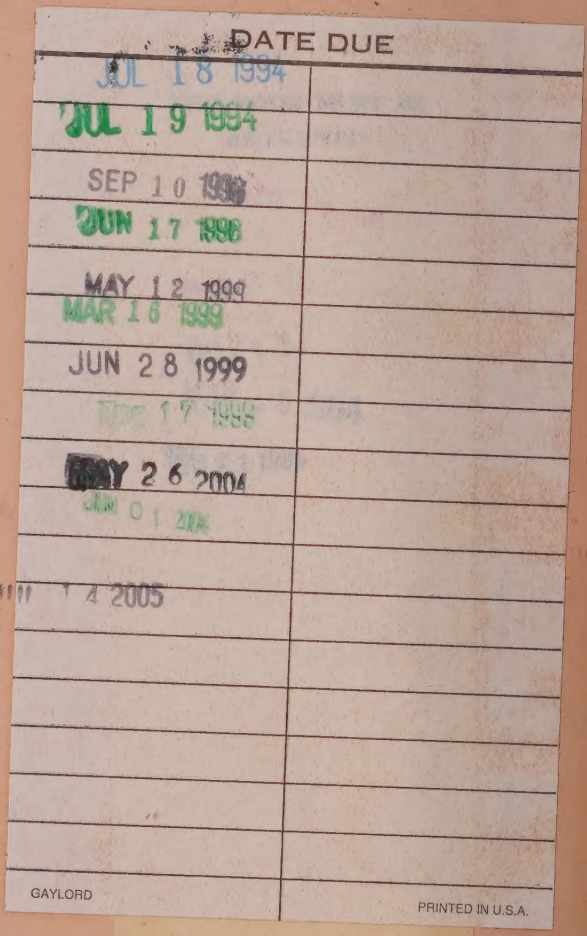
This is not the language of prediction, but of hope. I dare not predict that the Spirit of God will ever descend upon this country, with any peculiar visits of mercy. I dare not say but that the ungodliness and iniquity which have already burdened this virgin soil, have gone up to heaven with a piercing cry that will call down the withering blast of the Almighty upon us. But we may hope, that stores of grace and mercy are in reserve for us. Such, we think, are the indications of Providence. For here the banner of the Gospel has been set up; and we doubt not but that the darkest den of iniquity that now blackens the shores of California, shall yet see the white spire of the house of God towering above them, and shall hear the solemn sounds of the Sabbath bell ringing its warning peals out over them, and many a wicked heart shall tremble and quail beneath the mighty movings of the Spirit of God; and numerous sinners shall be turned from sin to righteousness, and be saved with an everlasting salvation.

It is a glorious, a soul-cheering reflection, that as sure as the Bible is a revelation from heaven, and the promises of God shall be fulfilled, that everywhere, over the face of the whole earth, shall be established the religion of the Lord Jesus Christ. And in those places where floated the black banner of the prince of darkness, will be unfurled the white flag of the Gospel of peace. In every nation where Satan held his empire undisturbed, and reveled and gloated in human blood, the King of Glory will establish his everlasting dominions. Over every hill-top where Satan roamed like a roaring lion, seeking whom he might devour, will walk the messengers of salvation, and will be heard the echo of the notes of gladness and joy.

As the Sun of Righteousness shall arise in the full glory of his power, one broad blaze of light shall burst out over the world, driving the moral darkness far and forever away. As at the closing scenes of the judgment day one broad blazing sheet of material flame shall burst from the throne of God, and sweep around the earth, and consume it to ashes, so the refining fires of the Holy Spirit shall engirt the moral world and burn up all its filthiness and impurity, so that the earth shall stand

forth arrayed in the beauty of holiness—bright and beautiful as the primitive paradise when the morning of the seventh day threw its hallowed light out over the face of the youthful creation.—AMEN.

WITHDRAWN



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WITHDRAWN
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